WHAT IS YOUR NAME?

BY CHARLES REYNOLDS BROWN

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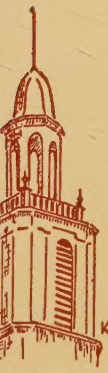
Central BAPTIST
THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY



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What Is Your Name?

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Yale Talks

What Is Your Name?

(More "Yale Talks")

by

Charles Reynolds Brown

Dean of the Yale Divinity School

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To the Memory of
My Good Friend and Neighbor

Williston Walker

A Scholar of Distinction
An Honored Teacher of Church History
The First Provost of Yale University

N 10496

Foreword

THE generous reception given to my little volume of "Yale Talks" has encouraged me to try it again. These addresses were all given in the Chapel at Yale University and some of them were given also at Harvard, Princeton, and other eastern institutions. The first one was given as the Matriculation Address at Yale on the first Sunday of the college year in 1922, and the last one was the Matriculation Address for the following year. The third one I used as a Baccalaureate Sermon at Williams College.

There is a common impression that college students, especially where Chapel attendance is required, are careless, inattentive, unresponsive. But where a man has something to say which lies within the range of the interest of these young fellows, and says it clearly and concisely, I believe that the college audience is one of the most appealing and satisfying to be found anywhere. During the thirteen years I have been at Yale I have spoken in many colleges and universities and for the high privilege of talking to these young men about religion, I thank them and I thank God.

C. R. B.

Yale University
1924

Contents

CHAPTER		PAGE
I.	What Is Your Name?	1
II.	The Price of the Best	14
III.	Looking Ahead	28
IV.	Playing the Game	43
V.	Such as I Have	57
VI.	Does It Pay?	70
VII.	The Man Who Played Fast and Loose	85
VIII.	The Fighting Instinct	99
IX.	The Line of Approach	112
X.	What Doest Thou Here?	125

I

What Is Your Name?

WHEN Jacob faced his mysterious antagonist he said to him, "Tell me, I pray thee, thy name." Here is the first question you are asked when you set foot on the campus! The college must know what to call you. It must have some name to put down in the books where a certain room is assigned to you, where you are registered for certain courses and where the record of your grades is kept. What is your name?

You give some name—Brown, Jones, Robinson, as the case may be. It does not mean much of anything as yet. It is an unknown quantity like x, y, or z in algebra. Then, if you have any right to be here at all, you proceed to put meaning into that name. You undertake to pack it with content. Four years from now it ought to be clothed with a certain significance in the minds of your fellow students and in the minds of your instructors. Forty years from now it may well have a certain distinction of its own. Four hundred years from now it ought to have the divine glory shining through it like a star in the sky. It lies within the power of every man here to have a name which is a name.

What Is Your Name?

Let me speak to you then this morning about names. In the first place, the name you brought with you has no particular significance. Your surname you inherited from your father and grandfather. They may have borne it with honor and distinction. Even so the light it shows when it comes to you is only a reflected light like that of the moon. Your Christian name, your "given name," was bestowed upon you by the choice of your parents. It may not be at all to your liking. Many a fellow has been called Clarence or Percival who would much rather have been known as Jack or Sam. Let that be as it may—we have to take the hands which are dealt to us in this matter, for babies cannot be choosers—the name you brought with you is like a sheet of paper on which you are privileged to write almost anything you like. It is "up to you," as we say in our well-worn phrase, to give that name meaning.

Forty-eight years ago a Freshman walked in here at Yale who gave his name as William Howard Taft. The name was not known then all around the world. It was merely a name given to him by a good family in Cincinnati, but not one in a hundred of his fellow students had ever heard of it before. He began right off to clothe that name with meaning. He was clean and straightforward in his mode of life. He was genial and likable—he made friends right and left. He was thorough and accurate in his scholarship, a

Phi Beta Kappa man when the time came. He was faithful in meeting the larger obligations of college life, showing even then a keen interest in the privileges and responsibilities which go with public service. He graduated with honors forty-four years ago. How much it means today when this question is addressed to him, "Tell me, I pray thee, thy name," that he can answer back, "William Howard Taft." Millions of people in all the lands of earth hold that name, the name of the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, in high esteem. And he made it so.

Let me come down to more recent times! Some men may feel that anything which happened forty-eight years ago is ancient history, almost as remote as the Battle of Marathon. I am sure that there was a time when I would have thought so.

Four years ago another Freshman walked in. He had not come from an expensive, exclusive preparatory school—he came from the high school in a commonplace manufacturing town in Massachusetts. He was a quiet, modest sort of fellow with none of the advantages which go with wealth and social position. He gave his name as Malcolm Aldrich, and he made that name a name to conjure with. His qualities of body, brain, and heart caused it to stand out. He became captain of the Football Team and captain of the Baseball Team because without putting on any airs about it he seemed to be able to play the game better than

anybody else. He was a good student and when he graduated he took honors. He was a high-minded Christian gentleman and when the Seniors came to elect the six class deacons of the College Church a year ago, Aldrich was chosen. It did our souls good just to see him walking up and down the aisles of Battell Chapel with the bread and the wine of the Sacrament. He can go anywhere today among these Eastern colleges and when anyone asks him, "What is thy name?" his answer carries meaning.

I have referred to names in the history of Yale which are clothed with honor. It is just as easy—easier in fact—to clothe a name with dishonor. There have been names upon our rolls, as upon the rolls of other colleges, of which we are all ashamed. The men who bore them dragged them in the dirt and for the time they dragged the name of the institution in the dirt. The path of infamy is always open, the bars are down and as often as not some young fool is just starting and beckoning to others to "come along."

Shun the day when you cannot live out in the open where all the world may see if it likes. It is a sorry time when any young man begins to hide behind the door and skulk off in the dark and put up a bluff rather than show his colors. Walk in the light as He is in the light if you would make that name of yours a synonym for honor and integrity.

I—What Is Your Name?

The ancient Hebrews gave more heed to the formation of their names than we do. The name itself meant something. "Jacob" meant one who "supplants" another and it matched the tricky quality of his early life. When he began to show traits of another sort his name was changed. They called him "Israel," which means "a Prince of God." His descendants came to be known not as the children of Jacob but as "the children of Israel." "Solomon" means peaceable. His reign was marked by peace, and he built the temple at Jerusalem as a house of peace and of prayer for all nations. Simon was an impulsive, fickle type of man. In order to put backbone into him his Master began to call him "Peter" (Petros), which means "a rock." By the very challenge of that new name his life began to develop a finer stability. "Jesus," the name which is above every name, means Helper, Deliverer, Saviour, for He saves people from their sins. Our names, for the most part, have no definite content of their own—it is left to us to fill them up with such meanings as we may choose.

Here is your name, if you happen to be a Freshman, just one more among hundreds of other names! There they stand in a long row with scarcely more of interest attaching to them than would belong to a column of figures in the time-table of a railroad. Are you content to leave it so? If you are, then it was not worth while for you to

come. You may, if you will, pack that name of yours with content until it will stand out from the page with an individuality all its own. Tell me, I pray thee, what sort of name you mean to have before you leave. If you would tell me that, I should know all about you.

In the second place, it is possible for every man to have a new name. Here in the last book in the Bible is one of those rare promises which causes a man's heart to leap. "To him that overcometh I will give a white stone, and on that stone a new name written, which no man knoweth save he that receiveth it." The man who overcame by putting down evil under his feet would wear upon his heart like the breastplate of the high priest a white stone and on that stone a name written legible only to the man himself and to his Maker.

Now what does all that mean? It is Oriental imagery of course, but what does it mean in plain English? The new name written on that white stone, legible only to the man himself, denotes his hidden capacity for something higher. He sees himself not as others see him. He feels stirring within him an undeveloped promise of something better than anything he has ever been. And God sees it and bears witness to that hidden capacity for higher things with that white stone and the mysterious name written on it. The man feels in

his heart of hearts that he is not just Brown or Jones or Robinson. He feels himself a child of God, the servant of his day and generation, a trusted leader in church or state, a man of generous impulses in whose activities thousands of people may be blessed. He feels within himself the capacity for that finer mode of life and the very thought of it waiting for him in the future bids him neither sit nor stand but rise and go.

Have you ever seen an uncut diamond? There is nothing of beauty there as yet to meet the eye. If you had never seen a real diamond at its best you would not dream of the beauty hidden there, the ability to flash and burn like a coal of fire from the altar.

But God who made it sees it all—he calls it a diamond even in the rough, and it is a diamond. Now that is the meaning of the white stone with the name written on it which no one has ever read but you and your Lord. Look at it when no one is by! Look at that undeclared capacity of yours to be and to do something finer than anyone has ever seen in you as yet! Take that white stone and bind it as a frontlet between your eyes! Set it upon the doorposts of your room! Let its meaning be with you in your going out and your coming in! Say to yourself, "I was meant to be that and that I mean to be."

It is not what you are now that marks you up or down on the books God keeps. It is what you

want to be and by the grace of God mean to be. God deals with men not according to their present achievements or their immediate deserts but according to their capacity for something better. That is the meaning of this old doctrine of "justification by faith." Men are saved not by their "works" but by their purposes and by that divine grace with which they stand ready to co-operate in all the years to come. Dwight L. Moody used to say that the world scarcely knows as yet what God can do with a man who is entirely His. Tell me then your real name—not that old familiar name you wore in prep school. Tell me the name of that capacity for higher things which no man save yourself has even seen as yet.

It is the high office of religion to deal with men not just as it finds them, Brown, Jones, Robinson, and the rest. It deals with them habitually in the light of all that it is possible for them to become. It takes them up as potential factors in the establishment of that great order of life which we call the kingdom of God. It sets itself to draw them out to their full dimensions. "Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called," even now, "the sons of God"—the heirs of all that He has. "It doth not yet appear what we shall be"—but it is written there in shorthand on that white stone. We know that if we can see Him as He is and do His will, "we shall be like Him." "Every man that hath this hope

purifieth himself"—his very hope purifies him for his high task.

That cryptic name on the white stone is the designation not of the man's achievements but of his ideals. He may not have been able to do very much as yet but the things he wants to do are like the Alps and the Andes. There was a king once who wanted to build a splendid house of worship for the God he served. "It is not fitting," he said, "that I should live in a house of cedar and the Ark of the Covenant should be kept in a tent."

He was not allowed to build the temple. He had been a man of blood in his incessant wars and he had stained his own hands by the murder of a man whose wife he coveted for himself. His name was not a name to be associated with the building of the temple which would stand through the ages. But the Lord gave him this gracious word for his comfort. "Thou shalt not build the house—thy son Solomon shall build it. Nevertheless thou didst well in that it was in thy heart." The ideals you cherish, the purposes you hold, the capacity you feel for something finer than anything as yet attained—all these are contained in that new name written upon the white stone which every man is privileged to wear upon his breast.

In the third place, the full meaning of that new name may yet be inscribed upon you where

all can see. Here in the last chapter of the Bible is pictured the consummation of a great redemptive process. Men at last have learned to live and to live right and to live for Him. "The tabernacle of God is with men," the seer cried, "and He dwells with them." There has come the social Incarnation of God in the higher life of the race. "His servants shall serve Him: and they shall see His face; and His name shall be in their foreheads." The quality of their action as they serve Him is so clear, and their vision of spiritual reality so distinct as they see His face, that the very character of the One whose will they are doing is written across their foreheads. Wherever they go men see in their very faces that they are the sons of the Most High.

When we meet strangers how keenly we scan their faces to form some idea as to what sort of men may be there in waiting. The man's eyes may be clear and bright, or they may be dull and drab. His lips may indicate kindliness or they may indicate selfishness and cruelty. He may look clean or he may look corrupt. The face soon grows to look like that it looks upon. Let any man look habitually upon those aspects of life which are hard and mean and he will show the results of it in his very face. On the other hand, when we all with open face are reflecting as in a mirror the glory of the Lord, we are changed into the same image. His servants shall see His face as they serve Him and then, as sure as sunrise, His name

and His nature shall be written upon their very lives.

It is a process which is pictured here and it is the highest of all the processes which are in operation on the college campus. The building up of a sound reliable physique, which will stand the wear and tear of all those exacting years of maturity in business or in a profession, is not the work of a day or of a week—it is the work of years of clean, vigorous, joyous living. The building up of a mind, with the necessary fibre and grasp and resilience about it to make it adequate to all the demands which are to be made upon it, is a task to occupy all of one's waking hours for the first thirty years of his life. And the building up of that good name, which by the associations that cluster around it in the minds of all who know you has become a synonym for honor, chivalry, and genuineness, is a job for a lifetime. That is what you are here to do if you are faced right. If you have not come here to do that, then go home. Yale is the mother of men.

The best man in Athens bore the name of Socrates. He was poor in purse—he went about the streets in a threadbare coat. He was so homely that men sometimes called him "Silenus," who was the embodiment of ugliness in the Greek mind. He was unpopular most of the time because he was not afraid to tell men their faults and to tell the city where he lived how it had fallen down.

But he was wise and good—and every man, woman, and child in Athens knew it. He hungered and thirsted after righteousness; he found his meat and drink in being good and doing good. And when they put him to death on a false charge as Jesus was put to death—it was not the only point of resemblance between the two—his name went down in history as that of the noblest man in Greece.

You cannot all win intellectual distinction and stand in the front rank of scholarship. In the very nature of the case it is impossible for more than one man to stand at the head of his class. The men who graduate *cum laude* and *magna cum laude* and *summa cum laude* are always few in number. They are greatly outnumbered by the men who belong with that luckless chap who said, "I graduated *mirabile dictu*."

But every man here can develop character of the highest type. He can, by turning his back on unworthy associations, by setting his face against all lawless action, by nailing the flag of honesty and truth to his masthead to fly there in all weathers, make his own worthy contribution to that larger life in which he shares. When he does that he will write across his own forehead a name that will be an honor to him and an honor to those who gave him life and an honor to the college with which he casts his lot.

There was a young man once who died at the

age of thirty-three. His people were poor. He lived in a small out-of-the-way place called Galilee. He knew nothing of the benefits of what we call "higher education." He never saw the inside nor the outside of anything worthy to be called a city. His whole environment was meagre to the last degree. But the quality of his inner life was such that God gave Him a name which is above every name. Before that name and the mode of life it indicates, every knee shall bow and every tongue shall confess that His spirit is Lord of life. Here then in His presence, tell me, I pray thee, thy name—the name you bear now and the name which denotes your capacity for something finer and that name which you mean to wear as a result of your training and consecration.

II

The Price of the Best

"THE kingdom of heaven," as the phrase is used in the New Testament, does not refer to a locality—it is the designation of a certain quality of life. It does not mean some sacred enclosure yonder in the clouds, inhabited solely by angels. It does not mean a celestial city with golden street and pearly gates where the chief employments are playing on harps and singing hallelujahs. It means that section of human life which obeys the rule of the Divine Spirit.

"The kingdom of heaven is within you," if your heart is right. "The kingdom of heaven is among you," if the social relations of the group where you stand are right. The kingdom of heaven is coming all the time with power and great glory in all those movements of thought and purpose which encourage the rule of the Divine Spirit in the lives of men. And that quality of life indicated by this familiar phrase has such supreme worth that a man may well invest all he has in order to possess it.

Here was this short story told by the Master to illustrate that truth! It was before the days of

safe deposit vaults. When a man wished to protect his treasure of gold, silver, or precious stones from thieves, he would bury it in the ground. He would bury it in some secret place known only to himself. But sometimes the man would die suddenly, or be killed in battle, and then his secret would perish with him. No one else knew where his treasure was buried. In that way the earth came in time to hold a great many of those unclaimed deposits. In the story some man had discovered such "a treasure hidden in the field," and in his eyes the treasure had such value that he sold all he had and bought that field.

Now the kingdom of heaven is like that. The quality of life which obeys the rule of the Divine Spirit evenly and steadily has such supreme worth that a man does well to invest all he has to secure it. The price of the best in any field of human interest you want to name is all that a man has. It cannot be had on any easier terms. You cannot be your own best self along any line without the investment and the consecration of all you have to the highest you see.

This principle holds true every day in the year, and in all the countries the sun shines on. Thomas Huxley was not a man of religious faith. He showed scant regard for some of the claims of theology. But on one occasion he made a remark with enough of spiritual insight about it to have enrolled him among the prophets. "It doesn't take

much of a man," he said, "to be a Christian, but it does take all there is of him." No man can be a Christian without paying the price—and the price is all that he has.

Let me apply that principle in three fields of interest. First, in getting an education. Here on this college campus is a treasure hid in a field. The field itself is like many another field. It is like that field in the story, where the grass was growing, the cows were grazing, and boys were playing ball over at one side. The careless people as they came and went never dreamed of the values hidden there—those values did not lie on the surface. The only man in the comunity who appreciated the worth of that field was the one who saw beneath the surface, the one who stood ready to dig down deep, and invest all he had in that one field. The price was high, but the treasure was worth it.

Now the same principle holds true in this field of education. Here on this campus are grass-plots and pleasant walks! Here are buildings set apart to be used as libraries and laboratories, as class-rooms and dormitories! Here are men chosen with care and conscience to teach certain subjects to which they have given the best attention and the best years of their lives. But you cannot stroll by in nonchalant mood and pick off an education as people pick blackberries from the bushes by the

roadside in the summer. You will have to "dig" in every sense of the word. You will have to stand ready to put in all you have. The hidden treasure of a real education is only for the man who is willing to pay the price.

You are not here merely to gain a certain added measure of information—the information is pretty much all there in the Britannica anyway. You are not here merely to acquire a further amount of technical skill, so that you may go out and market your abilities at a higher figure. If that were all that is involved in the work of education, then all of these professors would resign and shut up shop and seek for some worthier and more remunerative job.

The college undertakes to set before you an open door into a more just and intelligent appreciation of the higher meaning of life; into finer forms of fellowship seen and unseen; into a more reliable and useful type of personal character. This is education! This is the "drawing out" of the hidden capacity of the man into worthier modes of thought, of feeling, and of action. It does not lie on the surface of college life. You will never find it unless you dig down, and the price you will have to pay is all that you have.

How far does that idea of education obtain in the ordinary thought and everyday talk of the college man? You would know better than I. You will find, alas, on this campus, as on every campus,

a certain percentage of fellows whose main interest seems to lie in spending money freely, foolishly, and publicly. They like to be known as "good spenders." And when that futile process is in operation at full blast, they have the silly notion that they are having the time of their lives. They think that they are imbibing "college spirit," which oftentimes has meanings not contemplated in the statements of the catalogue. They haven't sense enough to recognize the fact that they are merely furnishing another square meal to the wide-mouthed pelicans of the community who live by swallowing just such poor dumb fish as they are. When the money is all spent and the years at college are at an end, they go away as uneducated as they came. Some of them carry away even less of personal worth than they brought.

How much is demanded of the man who would learn to read—how to read, what to read, where to read, and when he reads to have some idea as to what it is all about, and how it bears on other things he has read! Hundreds of fellows pass through college without learning to read!

How much is demanded of the man who would learn to think—to think on his own account, and when he thinks to produce something—something that has the look and taste of his own mind upon it! Thinking is a high art.

How much is demanded of the man who would learn to see—to see clearly, accurately, and with

some discrimination, knowing this from that, and that from the other thing which looks a good deal like it in this puzzling world! It is one thing to look at an object, it is quite another thing to see it.

How much is demanded of the man who would learn to live—to live wisely, nobly, usefully in this present world, and to show himself worthy and competent to live in all the other worlds there are! It is man's job! It cannot be done in a hurry. It cannot be achieved in those odd moments which are left over from what we sometimes call in grandiloquent phrase our "extracurriculum activities." If you are here to get an education in the sense of gaining that more just and intelligent appreciation of the deeper meaning of life, of being introduced into those finer forms of fellowship seen and unseen, and of developing that more reliable and useful type of personal character, it will cost you all you have. The price of the best is always that.

The vision of a well-rounded life must engage the attention of every thoughtful man. He would like to find himself on good terms with all the more vital interests which serve to enlarge and to enrich human existence. He would like to know something at least of those deeper sources of motive and stimulus which afford zest and relish for the maturer years of action and experience which lie ahead. He would like to have his college take him up as a boy and set him down a man—if it fails

to do that, he will feel that he has missed it. And if you are to gain that very essence of an education it will mean the investment of your best hours and your best energies, your best impulses and your best devotion, for the securing of that treasure hidden in this field.

In the second place, let me apply the same principle in the world of industry! The day is coming swiftly—I can see it already as I stand here—when you will have to go forth and claim your share in the world's work. You will have to make good by producing some of those goods which society demands.

You will go out to buy and to sell as merchants; or to dig or to build as engineers; or to heal or to plead as physicians and lawyers; or to teach or to preach; or to do any one of a hundred things which might be named. You will have to be producers then as well as consumers of the world's goods. Here in these quiet days of study and preparation you are drilling for that field of action. It is a rich field which awaits you, and hidden away in it are treasures innumerable.

How will you make your approach? In what mood and temper? What sort of aims and purposes are you forming and cherishing here? Some of you would say, if you spoke out your inmost feeling, your bottom conviction: "I am going out

to make money. I am here to be trained so that I can make it faster and make more of it. I want a fortune, with all the power, the privilege, and the pleasure that fortune brings. I hope to do it honestly, or at least legally, but I am out for the goods. I want profits and I want them in the large." He believes that a man's life does consist of the abundance of the things that he can own, a certain eminent authority to the contrary notwithstanding.

Well, there is something better than all that. This would seem to many of us a very weak and thin ambition. If a man with two hands, two feet, and one head with something in it, has no higher ambition than that, it is hardly worth while for him to spend four years in college.

I wonder if there is any more pressing obligation resting upon college-trained men today than the task of transforming what we call "business" into a profession! Business as we know it needs higher standards and a finer sort of objective.

What would you think of a minister who would say: "I am not in the ministry for my health; I am here to make money. I will preach for the church which pays me the largest salary, and I will preach whatever they want preached from their pulpit, regardless of my own private convictions. Religion is all very well in its place but business is business. My main thought is not of service but of profit"? You would say that such

a minister should be unfrocked and turned out of the ministry at once.

What would you think of a physician who would say: "I am practicing medicine for what I can make out of it. If people are rich enough to pay my prices, I will treat them when they are sick, and perform operations for them. If they are too poor for that, I shall have nothing to do with them. If I make a discovery in medicine or in surgery, I shall not give it to the profession; I shall keep it secret and patent it, and use it to make gain. It will enable me to compete more successfully with my rivals"? Such a man would write himself down a quack. No medical society on earth would carry him on its rolls for a day. The clergyman and the physician expect to live by their professions. If they are faithful and competent, they ought to live by their professions, but their first thought is not that of profit but of service. The world takes that for granted.

Now what right have merchants, manufacturers, and other business men to impose upon clergymen and physicians, upon teachers and soldiers, a standard of ethics which they will not accept for themselves? Why should not business, any business, every business, be made a profession, with its own high sense of honor and its own standard of ethics? Why should not every business man be intent upon making his business a social utility, an agency for bringing together the

resources of earth and the needs of society, an expression of the best he has in mind and heart? Why should he not subordinate the idea of profit to that of service? Why should not every man be rewarded according to the actual service he renders to society by the labor of hand or of brain, rather than for some shrewd monopoly of a profitable advantage which he has gotten into his hands? It is just as sacred to furnish society with food or with fuel, with clothing or with shelter, as it is to furnish society with health, with knowledge, or with character. The business man has a clear right to live by his profession, but if he is to hold up his head, he too must learn to subordinate the idea of profit to the idea of service.

Now all that is no easy task! If I were an Oriental, I should say that it would be like causing a camel to go through the eye of a needle. It demands not only high purpose and a kind heart, it requires also a sound knowledge of those economic principles which must underlie and sustain all human well-being and progress. It is the high office of educated men to supply those necessary qualities of head and of heart to achieve that end. If this civilization of ours is not to bring up with a smash—with another smash which might easily be the end of it—there must come finer methods in this workaday world. We must learn how to moralize industry and to make commerce itself a noble section of the spiritual life of the race. And

the ability to serve as leaders in this vast endeavor will cost a man all that he has. It will require the consecration of all his powers to the highest he knows.

In the third place, let me apply the same principle in the field of affection. Every rightly constituted man hopes sometime to have a home and a family of his own. Marriage is an honorable estate, commended by St. Paul to be honorable among all men, and blessed by the gracious action of our Lord in Cana of Galilee. It is not therefore to be entered into lightly or unadvisedly, but reverently, discreetly, soberly, and in the fear of God.

Into that high estate with all its joys and privileges, with all its intimacies and sanctities, every healthy man hopes to enter. It is a field rich beyond all others on this common earth in the treasures which lie hidden within that sacred enclosure. And here as everywhere, the price of the best will be the dedication of all your powers to the highest you see.

What right has any man to bring the taint of vicious disease or the scars of debauchery to mate on equal terms with purity and honor? He has no right at all! If he does, he will feel like a whelp when he stands there at the altar in the sight of God and in the presence of those witnesses of his

unfairness to the girl. What right has any man to bring a moral weakling, caught and held in the grip of unseemly habits and appetites, offering the young woman at his side a victim to be reformed rather than a husband to be honored and enjoyed? What right has he to bring a sorry fragment of a man who has frittered away his intellectual and moral opportunities, offering her a poor excuse for the man he might have been had he looked ahead in those years of preparation and gone to it with heroic devotion? He has no right at all. In that high hour every man will want to bring his best. The price of that best is all you have given in willing consecration to the ends which God appoints.

Hear this plain, straight word from the laboratory! It was not spoken by a minister of religion, or by a teacher of morals; it was told me by the professor of biology in one of our great universities. He had been studying the mysteries of life with a group of clear-headed young men. They had scrutinized life on its lowest levels as seen in the amœba and other like forms, under the searching eye of the microscope. They had followed it along as it began to function on higher levels. They had traced the changing forms and adaptations of life in that age-long process we call evolution. They saw life as it reached the human level and began to look up, to aspire, and to claim its kinship with the Most High. They saw each gen-

eration handing on the gift of life to those who should come after.

The wise instructor had pointed out from time to time the moral implications of all this. One afternoon a strange light came into the face of a young man as he remarked, "I shall never allow myself to become a rotten link in that chain." It is a sacred and a solemn duty to hand on the gift of life. Every decent man and decent woman desires to give only of his best, and the price of that best is the consecration of all you are. "I beseech you therefore, by the mercies of God, that you present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service."

Hear then this parable of the treasure hid in the field! Nothing worth having and worth holding can be picked up at the roadside as a lucky find! Nothing worth having and holding will ever drop into your lap as a windfall from the tree of life. It has to be earned by competent, conscientious effort. In all these familiar fields which we traverse in the daily round the price of the best is all one has.

If you would learn to live wisely and nobly, joyously and endlessly, know here and now that not by self-seeking but by self-sacrifice, not by dodging difficulties but by overcoming them, not by locating your supreme good in outer things but in inner worth, do men achieve. In a word,

II—The Price of the Best

"Seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness"—then the Master of all the higher values will add to you that which has supreme and lasting worth.

III

Looking Ahead

THERE was a young man once who lived with his eyes to the front. When he was nothing but a farmer's boy, he had his daydreams. He saw the sheaves in the field bowing before him, according him a place of distinction. He saw the sun, the moon, and the eleven stars bowing to him as they recognized the superiority of a personal life when it was intent on the best. His feet were trudging along the narrow lanes of Palestine but his head and his heart were already touching the high places of aspiration. He would not be content with just scraping together the necessary material for a living—any pig with four legs or with two can do that—he would make his life count in the larger life of the world. He looked ahead.

He began his life with a serious handicap—he was the favorite son of his father's favorite wife in that polygamous household. He received a coat of many colors and other marks of distinction, so that his older brothers became jealous and hated him with all their might. There on the Plain of Dothan came the chance to feed fat the ancient grudge they bore him. He was far away from his

father's protection, so they stripped him of his fine coat, cast him into a pit, and then later took him out and sold him to a caravan of Midianites. The Midianites carried him off into Egypt and sold him as a slave boy to the house of Potiphar. Alas for all his dreams!

But he was still looking ahead. He accepted the hard lot of a slave when it was thrust upon him and made the best of it—he had learned to labor and to wait. He bore the false accusation of an evil-minded woman without a word of recrimination, lest he should injure the honor of his master whose wife she was. He spent those weary months in prison not in hopeless dejection, but in kindly action which won the favor of the warden and the good will of his fellow prisoners. Finally, by his own courage, patience, and firm faith that intelligent goodness was sure at last to have its day in court, he won out. He made his way up until he found himself at Pharaoh's right hand, the Royal Food Commissioner in those years of famine. His dreams were fast coming true.

When the famine in Canaan drove his ten brothers down into Egypt to buy food for their starving families, they as aliens were naturally brought before the Food Commissioner. He recognized them instantly, for they were grown men when they sold him to the Midianites. They did not recognize him, for he was only a boy at that time and they never thought of his turning up in

the person of this Egyptian official. By various devices he tested their feeling for their father, for his own younger brother, Benjamin, and for each other. When he was convinced that they were changed men, he was ready to make himself known to them. "Cause every man to go out!" he said to his attendants! And there alone with the ten men who had done him the wrong, he said to them, "I am Joseph, your brother, whom ye sold."

How dramatic it all was! The ten men felt as if the Day of Judgment had suddenly yawned at their feet. Not a man of them knew what the next moment would bring. Oriental rulers at that time usually cut off the heads of those who got in their way. Here was the boy whom they had cast into a pit sitting in the place of power! Here was the man whom they had wronged, saying to them in their own tongue, with accents painfully familiar to their astonished ears, "I am Joseph, your brother, whom ye sold."

They were afraid that his next word might be, "You chastised me with whips—I will chastise you with scorpions. You cast me into a pit—I will show you the mouth of Hell." When Joseph saw their faces turn white with fear, he said to them: "Be not grieved with yourselves that ye sold me. Ye thought evil against me, but God meant it for good." He dealt with every situation in the light of a longer, diviner purpose. He was still looking ahead.

III—Looking Ahead

Let me study that scene with you as it throws light upon our whole interpretation of life! There were two principles at work in that scene—first the principle of retribution. How far away seemed that Plain of Dothan where they had done the wrong! Yet here was the moral order announcing that pay day had come. The bills for evildoing were falling due. Here is a statement of your account—kindly settle at once!

The law of gravitation never forgets anything, never overlooks anything, it matters not whether it is a pound of feathers or a ton of lead or a planet. It is always there attending to business. If a man falls out of the third-story window in New York, in Constantinople, or in Calcutta, he gets hurt. The law of retribution never forgets anything, never overlooks anything. Men reap as they sow. Every man is judged according to the deeds done in the body. The moral order is constantly saying, "Be sure your sin will find you out." The day will come when you will have to settle by the books.

In the long run it is a very just old world. When men make bargains with the Midianites, they had better look ahead. Why did Lady Macbeth walk the floor, her eyes wide open but their sense shut, wringing her hands as if her heart would break? Why was Arthur Dimmesdale unable to find peace until he took his stand beside the woman who wore the Scarlet Letter, confessing his com-

mon guilt with hers? Why was Judas Iscariot unable to take satisfaction in his thirty pieces of silver? He reeled into the temple, flung the money on the floor and then went out to hang himself. Why? Because they all lived in the presence of that moral order which compels every man at last to face the consequences of his own evildoing. "The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether," and we can no more escape them than we can escape the law of gravitation.

How easy it is for some young chap in a great city to say to himself: "The world is wide and the race is busy—the other half will never know how I live. Here is the place for me to sow some wild oats." Then he proceeds to fling away the best that life has in thoughtless dissipation. He may keep it up for years. The sun rises and sets, the seasons come and go, as they did when those ten men had done their evil deed at Dothan. He says to himself, "God has forgotten all about it."

Then on some fine day a door of opportunity opens wide—he would give anything to be able to enter it. But it must be a man who has kept his body clean and sound by right living. It must be a man whose mind is well trained, well stored and efficient through years of honest use. It must be a man whose moral integrity is such that men instinctively trust him. To his dismay this man, who sowed the seeds of defeat away back there at Dothan, finds that his fellow men do not feel that

he is quite up to it. The door is shut in his face and another man of finer build walks in.

"Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not nor the years draw nigh when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them. Rejoice in thy youth and let thine heart cheer thee, but know that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment." There is a moral order here and it has to be reckoned with. It sees all you do; it hears all you say; it knows what you are—and it is writing all the time. Look ahead! The day is coming when the voice of your own wrongdoing will stand before you in some form, saying to you in accents which will burn like coals of fire, "I am Joseph, whom ye sold."

But there was another principle at work in that scene—the principle of forgiveness. In one of the trying situations into which Joseph brought those ten men before he made himself known to them, he heard them say: "We are verily guilty concerning our brother in that we saw his anguish and would not hear. Therefore this evil has come upon us." That day when the Midianites were carrying away a helpless boy into a life of bondage, they would not listen to his entreaties. Now they could not hear anything else. Their hearts were like lead from the sense of remorse.

Joseph saw that time and change had made new men of them, that they were sorry for the wrong

they had done and were ready to do better. It is highly significant that he did not say to them, "I am Joseph, the Prime Minister of Pharaoh, able to punish you for your crime." He said, "I am Joseph your brother, come near unto me." And straightway they sat down to eat the bread and drink the wine of reconciliation. Their penitence opened the door of forgiveness.

Alas for us all, if there were nothing in the world but the principle of retribution! We have all done wrong. We have all made bargains with the Midianites. The man who claims that his life has been without fault, that he has no need of forgiveness human or divine, is either insincere or he is a downright fool. The only basis upon which we can make an honest approach to Him unto whom all hearts are open, is the basis of penitence and of offered forgiveness.

"If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves and the truth is not in us. But if we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." Here is a message of moral recovery from the lips and from the life of One who came from the same house and lineage as this man Joseph. It is the high office of Jesus Christ to take men who have done wrong and face them toward the light and cause them to walk in newness of life.

The quality of mercy is twice blessed,—"it blesseth him that gives and him that takes." And

the spirit of mercy shows us the only way to live. It is deadly to strike back, to cherish a grudge, to indulge in spite. It was a former Mayor of New York City, hounded by certain unscrupulous newspapers and openly attacked by a madman who all but killed him, who said when it was all over, "I forgive everybody, everything, every night." He would not let the sun go down upon his wrath. He would start each new day with a clean slate. He had learned to pray, "Forgive us the wrong that we have done as we forgive those who have wronged us."

It may be that there are people who have wronged you. So have you done wrong! So have I; so has every man! But there is nothing final nor hopeless about the fact that we have done wrong. The man who never makes a mistake never makes anything. The only man in the Bible who is despaired of is that man who stood there complacent, self-satisfied, bragging about himself! "Thank God, I am not as other men are"—he went down to his house unhonored and unsung. The man who said, "God be merciful to me a sinner," went down to his house made over.

The promises made to those who are sorry for their failures and are ready to do better are like the sun in its strength. "As high as the heaven is above the earth, so great is his mercy toward them that fear him. As far as the east is from the west, so far he removes our transgressions from us"

when we are ready to part with them. Thank God for forgiveness human and divine, for the privilege of it and for the obligation which goes with it! The gospel I preach to you is the gospel of moral recovery. "I am Joseph," he said. "Draw near unto me and I will place you in the best of the land. I will nourish you and your little ones." And by that exercise of forgiveness those penitent men were set upon their feet.

I have been applying these two principles of retribution and of forgiveness to the personal life but they have a much wider scope. They operate in all our affairs. The world of personal character, the world of industrial methods, and the world of political interests are all one world—it is woven throughout by a single hand. Employers and employees reap what they sow. Nations reap what they sow. Their sins find them out. When their policies are dictated by the spirit of greed and of selfish aggression, it is only a question of time until they too will be beaten with many stripes.

In the year 1852—notice the date, seventy-two years ago—Great Britain had just been celebrating her commercial expansion and the progress of civilization in a splendid Industrial Exhibition at the Crystal Palace in London. In that same year Frederick W. Robertson, a prophet of the Lord in Brighton, preached a sermon where he discussed the various attempts to build a lasting social order

by the power of the sword or by the domination of the church or by trade. "We are told," he said, "that what chivalry and honor could not do, personal interest will do. When men feel that it is to their interest to be one, they will be brothers. Trade will bind them into one family."

Then he uttered his scorn for any such sordid expectation. "That which is built on selfishness cannot stand—it will be shivered into atoms. We who have watched the ways of God in the past are waiting until He shall confound this system. It may be by convulsions more terrible and bloody than any in the past. While men talk of peace and the progress of civilization, we can hear in the distance the noise of armies gathering rank on rank and there are rolling toward us the crushing thunders of universal war." He said all this in 1852 and as Henry Sloane Coffin has pointed out, "no ancient seer ever uttered a truer word of prophecy." Yonder in Europe the great social order built upon principles of greed and of selfish aggression has been "shivered into atoms by convulsions more terrible and bloody than any in the past."

Take those words which fell from the lips of the Master and apply them to the industries and the politics of men! Every social order which heareth these sayings of mine and doeth them, I will liken unto a wise man who built his house upon a rock. The rain descended, the floods came,

the winds blew and beat upon that house—the hard tests came as they always come—but it fell not, because it was founded upon a rock. It was built right and it stood the test.

And every social order which heareth these sayings of mine and doeth them not, I will liken unto a foolish man who built his house upon the sand. The rain descended, the floods came, the winds blew and beat upon that house—the hard tests came as they always come—and it fell; and great was the fall of it. He spake as One having authority—He knew what He was talking about. The spirit of greed and of selfish aggression never has built a social order fit to live in or one that would stand. It never will, because that spirit is at war with certain fundamental instincts of the human heart and it is at war with the will of God.

The men of the generation to which I belong will soon pass off the scene. They have made a horrible mess of it in their ordering of the industrial and the political life of the world. Well might they say, "We are verily guilty concerning our brothers." Without attempting the impossible task of assessing upon each one of the nations concerned its particular share of responsibility for the great disaster, we are bound to say that no generation in the whole history of the race has ever bequeathed to its successor such a burden of national debts, such a legacy of pain and grief, such an inheritance of bitterness and hatred or

such an array of problems, vast, intricate, baffling. They all but stagger the intelligence and the conscience of the race.

Nations reap what they sow. Let them be sure that their sins will find them out. Has any nation ever written out a more impressive commentary upon those ancient words, "The wicked shall be turned into hell and all the nations that forget God," than did the nations of central Europe?

But if all that constitutes a menace, it also constitutes a challenge to the best powers which can be brought into the field. There is set before the generation to which you belong "a wide and effectual door" of opportunity and though "there are many adversaries," the case is not hopeless. The Lord is not dead and He is great enough to remake this world of ours and He is good enough to make it Christian. The men who are responsible meant it for evil, yet out of it all He can bring good.

But it can only be done where men take hold together, not in the spirit of vindictiveness but in the spirit of forgiveness and of co-operation. The recovery of Europe today is being held back mainly not by a lack of money or of material, not by a lack of energy or of brains, wholesome and necessary as these things are in any social order. The recovery of Europe is being held back mainly by the spirit of fear, of suspicion, of hatred. The

people are not good enough to replace the spirit of vindictiveness with the spirit of forgiveness and of co-operation. The broken world can be rebuilt only on the basis of a higher type of personal character and on better social methods. It is a moral question today, as it was twenty-five centuries ago, when a wise man said that the only hope for the future lay here, "A new heart will I give you and a new spirit will I put within you."

There was an ancient seer who lived under the Roman Empire. He saw men living then, as they have lived since, in the spirit of fear and of distrust, in the spirit of hatred and of greed. He was wise enough to know that such a mode of life meant the coming of fearful judgments. He looked and behold! a black horse and then a red horse and then a white horse and then a pale horse. "The name of him who sat upon the pale horse was Death and Hell followed with him." Those four horsemen are riding today in the Ruhr and along the Volga, across the waste places of Armenia and in the ungoverned sections of China.

When the four horsemen had passed, he saw a further vision, "I saw a new heaven and a new earth," wherein dwelleth righteousness, "for the first heaven and the first earth were passed away. And He that sat upon the throne said, Behold, I make all things new." He felt that a new social order was on the way but that it could only be built by new men. The only social order which

would stand the test would be one organized and governed by men who do justly, love mercy, and walk humbly before God.

In those weary, dreary months which followed the signing of the Armistice, in that winter of our discontent in 1918-1919, there were men among us who, even then, were tall enough to look ahead and see something of all this which has befallen Europe and the whole round world as an aftermath of the Great War. Yonder in the city of Washington a man is living along, crippled and broken, with one whole side of his body practically paralyzed, who literally broke himself in two for a dream. A dream of international righteousness and good will—a dream which will yet, please God, come true! The men who see visions and dream dreams resting upon the divine purpose for the race, may have against them the politicians of the day, the God of the ages is on their side.

The broken, saddened, troubled world has a clear right to look to its college-trained men for competent and responsible leadership in this great, hard task of social rebuilding. In every community we want men who know something of history, so that all the foolish experiments which have been made in the past and have failed, will not have to be made over again. We want men who understand those sound economic and political principles which must underlie and sustain all our prosperity

and progress. We want men who have caught the scientific method, so that they will be able to "draw the thing as they see it, for the God of things as they are." We want men who know something of the psychology of the human mind, so that they will be able to anticipate and appraise those thought movements which are destined to become controlling. And then coupled with all that skill in the use of the materials of civilization, we want men of vision and insight, men who will labor steadily for human betterment with their eyes and their minds upon that social order which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God.

Gentlemen, look ahead, look ahead! There be some standing here who shall not taste of death until they have seen that better social order coming with power and great glory.

IV

Playing the Game

HERE in that region east of Suez, "where there ain't no Ten Commandments and the best is like the worst," was a certain king who regarded himself as the top of the heap! He ruled over a mixed constituency symbolized by the head of gold and the arms of silver, by the thighs of brass and the feet of clay. He had all sorts and conditions in that realm.

He had just won a notable victory over his enemies and he celebrated by setting up there at Babylon a golden image ninety feet high and eighteen feet broad. He called upon the people of his realm to fall down and worship the image. He coupled with that call to worship the stimulating announcement that if any man refused he would be cast into a furnace of fire.

Now in the face of a situation like that the sensible thing to do, the expedient thing to do, many would say, would be to worship the image, or at least to go through the form and make the proper gestures. When we are in Babylon we must do as the Babylonians do. We cannot afford to be narrow and provincial. With a golden image

ninety feet high, with the king leading off in the worship and all the presidents and princes and other big bugs following suit, what could any plain man do but conform! He would be a fool for his pains to stand out against all that.

But there in that region east of Suez, there were three young men who knew all about the Ten Commandments. They believed that Mount Sinai was the highest peak on the globe. It was a matter of principle with them not to worship images of any sort. They were built that way inside—they had convictions. So when all those Babylonians flopped down on their knees before the Thing that was ninety feet high, these three young men stood erect, as servants of the living God.

The king was enraged and he threatened them with the furnace of fire. Then there came from the lips of uncalculating youth that stream of moral idealism, that note of spiritual defiance, which causes every man's heart to leap. "We are not anxious to answer thee in this matter, O king! Our God whom we serve is able to deliver us from the fiery furnace. We believe that He will, but if not" —there is the nub of their statement—"if not," come what may, "be it known unto thee, we will not serve thy gods nor worship the golden image."

They were there to play the game and to take whatever risk might be involved in being true to the highest they saw. They played it to a finish. Their names—odd names they were, Shadrach,

IV—Playing the Game

Meshach, Abednego—were written high up in the trophy room of the Jewish nation to be read and honored for all time. That is what I want to speak to you about this morning—Playing the game! Let me say three things about it.

First, the game has to be played according to the rules. We cannot have games on any other terms. We could not get anywhere without rules. If every man were free to do as he pleased, dashing about here and there on any passing impulse, we could not have baseball or football, golf or tennis. The first thing the player has to do is to learn the rules of the game. The second thing he has to do is to obey them. I care not how energetic and brilliant he may be as he charges about the field, unless he can keep his head and keep the rules, he has no value for the game.

You will find that this principle runs all through life. We are caught and held in the grip of a great moral order which is as firm as granite. Here are certain sacred interests, life and purity, truth and property. They are the most precious things on earth. They cannot be left lying around loose and unguarded. They have to be protected by the laws of God and man, by sound social usage and by wholesome sentiment. And any man who undertakes to run amuck and show his contempt for these sacred interests and the laws which protect

them, will be put out of the game. Now in one way, now in another, the decision will be rendered against him, but out he goes.

"The statutes of the Lord are right. The testimonies of the Lord are sure. The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether." You can no more brush them aside or argue them away or talk them down than you can call upon the sun to rise in the west and start around the other way. It cannot be done. You will find along the path of life a lot of fools, young and old, who thought that they could do it. They sallied forth to beat their brains out against the stone walls of moral reality and they succeeded. Their poor little brains are all used up, but the stone walls of moral reality are still there doing business at the same old stand. In Jersualem or in Babylon or in New Haven, Connecticut, the only chance we have for honest well-being lies in playing the game according to the rules.

In the second place, the world's greatest need today is for men who will play the game according to the rules whether it means victory or defeat. How easy it would have been for these three young chaps, face to face with the Thing that was ninety feet high, to have "gotten by" as we say. They could have bowed before the image for just a moment with certain mental reservations, saying to themselves and to their Lord, "It is just a form,

you know—we do not mean anything by it and we are all right in here." But they would have felt as the English say, "It is not cricket." It is not playing the game.

How easy it would have been for them to excuse themselves from fidelity to duty by saying that it was an abnormal situation where they found themselves. Who are we, three young men away from home, three boys at a foreign court, to set ourselves up against all that? Moreover, they might have added that they had been brought up in a small country town down in Palestine and now that they were in the great city of Babylon, it might be high time for them to broaden out a little in their views of life. But they were not so soft as that. They were there to play the game according to the rules, let come what would.

You can see them standing there in the presence of the king and of the Thing that was ninety feet high. They were just as much in love with life as you are. They had no more hankering for the furnace of fire than you and I have. But they had heard a voice, a divine voice as they believed, and the voice said, "Thou shalt not bow down thyself to any graven image. Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God and Him only shalt thou serve."

That settled it! No other motion could be brought before the house. And in that high mood they faced the future with their heads up. Our God is able to deliver. We believe that He will.

But if not, we are here to play the game according to the rules, winning it if we can, losing it if we must, but in any event showing ourselves moral sportsmen in our readiness to take the risk of doing the thing that is right.

Now the men who are putting the world ahead in its civic life and in its industrial methods, in the quality of its educational ideals and in the tone of its church life, are not the men who keep their eyes forever on the main chance, calculating shrewdly what will be safe and profitable for them. They live in another mood altogether. The saints and the seers, the heroes and the martyrs, the poets and the singers, the teachers and the mothers, who keep up the supply of moral idealism and of spiritual impulse, are those who stand ready to take the risk of doing the thing which they believe to be fundamentally and eternally right. They are not silly nor foolhardy about it—they are people of sense. "Our God whom we serve," they say, "is able to see us through. We believe that He will. But if not, come what may, we are here to play the game."

Here at Yale a year or two ago in the Freshman class was a boy whose name was Allen Keith. He had been brought up in a good home. He had prepared for college at Andover. He had never been subjected to any hard test up to that time. He found himself one night in a theatre that was on fire. He saw the people surging toward the exits.

IV—Playing the Game

He saw strong men thrusting aside and trampling upon women and children in their mad desire to escape. He had his chance to run out and save his skin, but he decided to stand by and help those who were less strong than himself to reach a place of safety. Presently his clothes were on fire, his hands were burned until he might have been screaming with pain had not his mind been set on higher things. He was indeed "cast into a furnace of fire," but he worked on, helping the helpless until he was one of the very last to leave the burning building. When he finally got out he was so badly burned that he died next day in the hospital. "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

Now this poor old world will not be redeemed from its sin, its shame, and its pain until we have in all the common walks of life, not merely in times of emergency but in the ordinary round and round, men and women who count fidelity to duty the supreme thing in life. It may not mean for them a sudden and horrible death as it did for Allen Keith, but it may easily mean financial loss or the ridicule of one's associates or the sacrifice of certain forms of pleasure which under other conditions might be entirely innocent. There are times when a man, if he is to play the game according to the rules, cannot count his own pleasure or profit or comfort dear because of that higher demand of duty which takes precedence over all

else. "Win or lose," he cries, "I am here to play the game."

Conditions change but the moral lineup remains the same. No one is in any danger now of being cast into a furnace of fire for refusing to worship in a certain way unless it be in Asiatic Turkey. But the Oriental despot is still here with his appeal. He is saying to many a man at this hour, "Bow the knee to certain modes of life which are not worthy of your allegiance! Surrender those principles in which you were reared and replace them with the easy-going maxims of Babylon! Blot out those Christian ideals which shine in your sky like stars and walk in the darkness of a thoughtless Pagan philosophy of life!" And in every community there are moral jellyfish who have not backbone enough to stand up and say "No." They are afraid to face the Thing that is ninety feet high and say to it, "We will not serve thy gods nor worship the golden image."

The three young men were mightily aided when that hard hour came by the lives they had been living in the past. In morals as in physics there is such a thing as momentum to be reckoned with. Moral momentum is gained by living right through a series of years. "Daniel kneeled upon his knees, three times a day, his windows open toward Jerusalem, and prayed as he did aforetime." He had been a praying man and he kept on praying, lions

or no lions. Jesus went into the synagogue on the Sabbath, when it was filled to the doors with angry Pharisees who were threatening his life, "as His custom was." He had been going to the synagogue on the Sabbath and He kept on going. The three young men in the story had been doing the will of God in their whole mode of life and they kept on doing it, even though there was an angry king with his furnace of fire there in the foreground.

Put speed enough, we are told, behind a tallow candle and it can be fired through a pine board. In like manner there is a certain moral momentum gained through right habits of thought, of feeling, and of action which will carry a man unhurt through searching temptations which cause other men to fall. Form the habit of doing what you believe to be right, and every added year will mean that you will do it with more steadiness and vigor.

Here and there in our cities are groups of men entering actively into political life! They are learning the political game from the inside rather than from the outside. They are willing to be muddied with some of that mud to the end that better men and better methods may prevail. Here and there in the world of business are groups of men knowing full well that some of the methods of that world are fatal to personal honor and to social well-being. But they are not sitting on the bleachers, scoffing at business and ridiculing the players. They are in the game but intent on play-

ing it according to finer rules which will not destroy the human values which are at stake. Here and there in law and in medicine, in the work of education and in the work of religion, men are making the moral venture of staking all they have upon fidelity to the highest they see. These men are the hope of the race. They are "the saving remnant" in our modern Israel.

In the third place, the men who play the game according to the rules will be found in the final outcome on the winning side. When the three young chaps refused to bow before the Thing that was ninety feet high, the king carried out his threat. "The furnace of fire was heated seven times hotter than it was wont to be heated." The young men were bound hand and foot and the slaves of the king carried them and cast them into the fire. The flames were so hot that the slaves who cast them in were themselves burned to death.

But presently as the king looked on "he saw four men walking," loose and unhurt, "in the midst of the fire, and the form of the fourth was like the Son of God." Moral fidelity had brought to these three young men liberty, security, and an exalted form of fellowship.

The author of this Book of Daniel has interwoven the threads of fact and fancy in such a way that it is not always easy to draw a hard-and-fast line between the prose and the poetry of his

account. Suppose that this particular story was originally meant to be a splendid parable of spiritual truth like the parable of the Prodigal Son or the parable of the Good Samaritan, rather than a sober recital of literal fact. Modern scholars, for the most part, take this view and I believe that their judgment is sound. The meaning, however, is plain—the readiness to stake one's all upon fidelity to duty produces values which are imperishable. It enables men to go anywhere unhurt and with a high sense of fellowship with the Son of God.

The author was giving us, as one of our Yale professors has called it, "a brave attempt at a philosophy of history." He maintained that history has a certain unity, that it develops according to a certain plan, and that it is bound to issue in a worthy consummation. The faith of those three young chaps was well founded. Our God is able to deliver us. We believe that He will. But whether it means victory or defeat this afternoon, we are here to stand up straight and leave the final result to the march of events.

In the Great War there came a day when the Germans concentrated upon Verdun. They felt that if they could break through the line at that point in force, Paris would be theirs and the cause of the Allies would be lost. They made the fiercest onslaught perhaps in the whole course of the war.

Then those French soldiers stood up and uttered those words which have become immortal. "They

shall not pass." The strength of the attack was doubled, and still they said, "They shall not pass." The strength of the attack was doubled again, and still the French soldiers hurled back their defiance.

It was the life of their country that was at stake! The golden lilies of fair France were there before their eyes! The music of the Marseillaise was sounding in their ears! The principles of Liberty, Equality, Fraternity were coursing through their veins like rich, red blood! And the grim, gray hordes of the enemy did not pass.

Unrighteous purpose now and then wins a skirmish. Occasionally it may win a battle, but the long, hard war goes always against it. When great moral principles are involved and the fate of His kingdom trembles in the balance, God is not "always on the side of the heaviest battalions," as a great commander once said with a sneer. The morale of the men decides the issue, for God is on the side of the right and the men who fight with Him fight to win.

High purpose and moral consecration, when they are reinforced by being brought into a sense of agreement with the will of God, when they are fed and sustained by a sense of fellowship with the Captain of our salvation, the Lord Jesus Christ, will wear down and wear out all the considerations of expediency which can be lined up against them.

I believe that with all my heart because I be-

lieve in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth, who has not cut out a piece of work for Himself which will prove too hard for Him. I believe that with all my heart because I believe in Jesus Christ His Son, and I believe that God has given to His mode of life a name which is above every name and before that mode of life every knee at last shall bow. He is out to win and when any man lines up with Him, that man's moral courage becomes a pillar in the temple of victory to go no more out.

Here about us in this modern world of ours are the lineal descendants of that Oriental despot who scoffed at the Ten Commandments! Here is an open, flippant disregard for law which has not sense enough to recognize the fact that it is cutting the ground from under its own feet and striking at the very foundations of social order! Here is graft eating up the bread of the toiling people who suffer from excessive taxes and eating out the moral fibre of the Republic! Here are economic methods showing their flat contempt for those principles of human brotherhood which must underlie all social well-being! Here is race prejudice teaching men to hate one another when there is such sore need that they should be learning to love one another! Here is the lust for power which leads to strife, to oppression, and to war!

Here they are—look at them! They are as ugly

and degrading as that Thing on the Plain of Dura which was ninety feet high. It is your business and mine to stand up in the full strength of our religious faith and say to the whole unclean horde, "We will not serve such gods nor worship the golden image."

You may remember one of Galsworthy's plays where a family of wealth, of culture, and of social position had been using its strength to wound and injure another family less fortunate than themselves. They had been angered by a certain fancied provocation and they stood ready to subject those people to hurt and loss. The hideous meanness of it all is brought out in tragic fashion in a later scene and the play ends with the head of that fortunate family standing out in the open confessing the wrong done. "What are wealth and culture and social position for," he cries, "if they cannot stand fire!"

What are they for indeed! What is high privilege of any kind for, if it cannot face the music and sing the praise of Almighty God by meeting its obligations! What are youth and health, training and culture for, if the happy possessors of those advantages are not thereby inspired and empowered to do the thing that is right because it is the will of God!

V

Such As I Have

WE are often told that nothing can be done in this world without money. Here in the lesson which I read was a man without money! He hadn't a shilling. He was a poor man like his Master who had nowhere to lay His head. And it was money that was wanted on that occasion. The lame man looked up, expecting to receive an alms, but Peter shook his head. "Silver and gold have I none"—and the lame man's face fell. Then Peter added these words, which put another look on the whole situation: "Such as I have, give I thee." And when he stood ready to use what he had, a lame man was set on his feet there at the gate of the Temple called Beautiful.

Let me ask you to look at the man who uttered those words, from three angles! First, he was a man who lived in the positive rather than in the negative mood. "Silver and gold have I none"—he might have prolonged the list. There were a lot of other things which Peter did not have. He did not have a college education. He had no social position worth naming—he was just a common fisherman from Galilee. He was not very good-

looking, if we can trust the tradition as to his personal appearance. He lacked that moral steadiness which is always a thing to be desired. Just a short time before this he had denied his Lord three times over in a single evening, and had sworn about it frightfully like a pirate. There were scores of things which Peter did not have besides silver and gold. If he had undertaken to make out a complete list of all his deficiencies he would have needed a sheet of paper as long as this chapel.

But all that is beside the mark. What of it? Here is the nub of Peter's statement—"Such as I have, I give." The positive rather than the negative facts about his life were decisive. The world is not much interested in what men do not have or in what they do not believe or in what they cannot do. What have you? What can you do? What do you believe? These are the significant elements in any life. And what is still more to the purpose, what do you mean to do with those gifts? If you are ready to use such as you have in the way that Peter did, then lame lives of all sorts can be set upon their feet and made to advance under their own steam.

Dwight L. Moody was once preaching to a great crowd in one of his meetings. He was putting his very soul into it as he always did. He was thinking more about the content of his message and of its effect upon the hearts of men than about the precise literary form of it. There was a certain

fastidious gentleman sitting on the platform that night, and at the close of the service he went to Mr. Moody and said, "By the way, I noticed that you made eleven mistakes in grammar in your sermon tonight."

"Very likely," replied Mr. Moody, "I don't doubt it for a minute. My early education was faulty. I often wish that I had received more schooling. But I am using all the grammar I know in the service of Christ—how is it with you?" We are not told what reply the man made. I hope that he went home and read a chapter in the Bible rather than another page of grammar and then prayed for a new heart. "Such as I have, I give"—that is the attitude which counts!

We are all conscious of our limitations. If in our blindness and conceit we are not conscious of them, then our friends become all the more keenly conscious of them for us. We all wish that we had more brains, more skill, more social tact, more kindness of heart, more character—more of everything that is good.

But it is idle to sit down wishing and repining. There is nothing to be gained in crying for the moon. What we might possibly do if we had all those greater gifts which are not ours is not important. It is a purely hypothetical question. And no man is ever condemned for not using abilities which he does not possess. When Peter stood there that day without a shilling to his name, he was not

asked to endow a college or even to purchase a new suit of clothes for that poor cripple. He was only required to use such as he had—and when he did that the results were so splendid that the whole Christian world has been talking about it ever since.

In our estimate of goodness, it is the positive rather than the negative qualities which are to be emphasized. It is what a man does rather than what he does not do that makes him good. You sometimes hear it said of some elderly gentleman who has just gone to his reward: "He was such a good man. He never drank; he never smoked; he never swore; he never injured anyone and we never heard him speak an unkind word of anybody in his life." And when that list of negative virtues is complete you have the picture of a life as innocent and as harmless as a pan of skim milk. "But what did he do?" you are moved to ask. How far did he make his life count for righteousness in politics, in industry, in promoting better health conditions for his community, in securing better educational facilities, in making his church a power for good? If he simply refrained, his goodness was weak and thin.

We are not taught anywhere in the Bible that men are to be honored here on earth or that they will be taken to heaven when they die because of what they have not done. Indeed the plainest and most pungent words of warning uttered by Christ

were directed against the sins of omission. He was most of all concerned about moral neglect. The man in the parable who failed to use his one talent; the young women who failed to have oil in their lamps; the rich man who failed to relieve the necessities of the poor fellow who was starving to death at his gate. In all these cases the people were condemned because of their lack of attention to duty. "Inasmuch as ye *did it* unto the least of these, ye did it unto me—enter the kingdom prepared for you." Such as I have, give I thee—it is the positive attitude that marks a man up on the books the Lord keeps.

In the second place this man lived in the sympathetic mood. He was on his way to the temple to say his prayers. But his eyes were not solely on the clouds. He saw what was going on around him. He had a keen scent for plain human need. He saw that lame man at the gate of the temple begging and his heart went out to him in instant, honest sympathy. "He took him by the right hand and lifted him up." And the finest symbol of kindly service which we know anything about is a human hand stretched out, open, ungloved, ready for the clasp of friendship.

Peter did not fling the poor fellow a hasty look of pity as he passed by and then hurry on into the temple to say his prayers. He was not in such a rush to attend some lecture on social betterment

that he could not stop to minister to a case of actual need. He did not wait until he reached home that he might sit down and mail a check to the Society for the Relief of Needy Cripples in Jerusalem. He did not send his servant around the next day with a bit of provision for the unfortunate chap. He put himself in personal, friendly relations with that bit of human need. He took him by the right hand and lifted him up. It was that touch of life upon life, immediate and direct, which counted.

Here is the man whose work will add up large in the Day of Judgment, Edward Everett Hale used to say,—"The man who looks forward not backward, upward not downward, outward not inward, and is ready to lend a hand." Edward Everett Hale himself was forever lending a hand. He would take an ignorant, misguided man by the mind and lift him up into a better mode of thinking, into the way of advance. He would take a defeated, discouraged man by the heart and lift him up into hope and high resolve. He would take the soul of a man who had made moral shipwreck into his own clasp of faith and bid him strive.

Booker Washington tells us that the first time he ever went to Boston he was toiling along the street on his way to the hotel with a heavy suitcase. Suddenly he felt another hand slipped in beside his own and a deep, gruff voice said, "Let me share the load." When he turned his face there

stood Edward Everett Hale lending a hand. He knew him from his pictures and it was the beginning of a delightful, rewarding friendship for Booker.

In the last analysis the most essential thing in the work of education is that sympathetic touch of life on life. It is by that fine process that personality is developed, matured, enriched, in all the younger candidates for human existence. James A. Garfield said that if he could sit on one end of a log and have Mark Hopkins of Williams sit on the other end, that would be college enough for him. Even the log was not absolutely necessary. Mark Hopkins and young Garfield were all that were really needed.

The main office of all these libraries and laboratories, of all these textbooks and notebooks, is to furnish opportunity for that inspiring, informing, improving touch of life upon life. When Agassiz was teaching at Harvard, when William G. Sumner was teaching at Yale, when David Starr Jordan was teaching at Stanford, no one ever thought of asking how much silver and gold they had. Such as they had they gave, and the lives of whole generations of students were enriched for all time.

The lame man was "laid daily at the gate of the temple." He was always there. He finally became as much a part of the place as the stone

steps. He had learned by experience that the best place in Jerusalem to ask for help was the gate of the temple. The people who worship are the people who give—they have sympathy and they give more generously and more steadily than any other people on earth.

In the Great War drives for funds, we are told by those who had the matter in charge, who made up the lists of names and traced the more substantial gifts to their sources, that something like ninety per cent of all the money given for the Red Cross and the Y. M. C. A., for the Knights of Columbus and the Salvation Army, was given by the people of the churches, Protestant, Catholic, Hebrew. The other people outside of the churches did manage to come across with something like ten per cent of the total amount. Small favors thankfully received! We are glad that they did even so much. But the people who worship are the people who give. The habit of worship develops and maintains the sympathetic mood—it keeps the hinges of the heart and of the purse from getting rusty.

In all probability every man here has some silver and gold about him—it is not far from the first of the month. But each one has something of infinitely more worth than all that—you have health and brains, you have courage and aspiration! And if you stand ready to use what you have in friendly fashion touching those other lives im-

mediately about you and for those less fortunate lives which are more remote, no end of good can be achieved. You can set in operation forces which will be far-reaching in their beneficent influence. Your highest usefulness as well as your final salvation is bound up with this habit of living in the sympathetic mood.

Once more, this man lived in the mood of faith. Here was this poor lame cripple at the gate of the temple! He was lying just across the threshold from that whole system of divine help for which the temple stood. Peter as a man of faith took him by the hand, he took him by the mind and by the heart, and lifted him over the threshold into the realization of that divine help. The first thing the man knew, he was in the temple, "walking and leaping and," (best of all,) "praising God." And when that great end had been achieved, Peter pointed away from himself to another, higher source of help. "His name through faith in His name hath made this man strong. Yea, the faith which is by Him hath given him this perfect soundness in the presence of you all."

Now let that cripple serve as a type of all the human need which lies yonder just across the threshold of the temple! The sorrow and the pain, the sin and the shame, the doubt and the discouragement—they are all there making their steady appeal to the spiritual forces for which the temple

stands. They are all there offering a challenge to the forces of recovery which are here represented! What a host of mental and moral cripples is there, waiting for the renewal, the guidance, the reinforcement which can only come from the grace of God! And it is the high office of faith, yours, mine, his, to aid those needy people in gaining that experience for themselves. It is for us to help them to realize what religion can do for them all.

I know full well that you are here first of all to get an education. But that is a very large order. It includes a great variety of dishes. It cannot all be brought in on one plate. There are men who seem to think that when they enter college they can check their religion as men check their hats when they go into the dining room of a hotel. They can leave their Christian interest and their habits of devotion, their personal faith and their loyalty to the church to be called for later.

But if you do that you may find when you come back at the end of four years that you haven't any hat left. You may find that your Christian interest is all gone, that your faith has evaporated, that your loyalty to Christ and the church has leaked out. Things perish when they are not used. Powers atrophy when they are not allowed to function. And in that event you would feel that your education was a poor, broken, crippled thing like that lame man at the gate of the temple.

You are here primarily to get your lessons, to

pass your examinations, and to show yourself worthy of a degree. This is the first and great commandment at Yale, at Harvard, and at Princeton. And the second is like unto it, namely, this—you are here by the grace of God to live for these four years, lives of reverent, obedient trust toward God, lives of intelligent good will toward your fellow beings, men and women, lives which are growing evenly and steadily into something worthy to be called character. If you should fail in this, you would fail altogether. No amount of success in any other line would compensate you for your loss. You would go out from these halls knowing full well in your own heart that you had made a mess of it. "If ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do them"—and only then.

In all those quarters where men are really thinking on fundamental problems there has come a strong reaction against materialism. It has been weighed in the balance and found wanting both as a philosophy of life and as a program of action. It does not work; it never has worked; it never can work because it leaves out of the account the distinguishing features of our human life. The best science, as well as the best philosophy of our day, is saying quite frankly that present indications point to the conclusion that ultimate reality will be found to be sentient mind or sentient spirit.

We can all see that a man's life does not consist in the abundance of the things that he may

possess. We all recognize the presence of a growing multitude of thoughtful people who are making larger and larger use of mental and spiritual forces for the gaining and maintenance of that sound health, that mental poise, that serenity of heart which make for well-being. This is the trend and drift of modern life. The final forces are the spiritual forces and the only man who is in a position to bring all that good grist to his mill is the man who lives in the high mood of religious faith.

"Such as I have, give I thee," said this man of faith! What were silver and gold compared with that? What were all the friendly offices which might have been rendered to the body that perisheth when set alongside of that gift of faith in the living God here called into action! There within arm's length of that needy life was another finer form of energy which could renew the springs of action, purify the affections, strengthen the will which had gone lame and confirm all those better impulses which make for manhood! It was the very climax of friendly interest when Peter lifted the lame man into a full realization of all that. The character of any man is the man, and here was this supreme service rendered at that very point.

"Why look ye so earnestly on us?" Peter cried to the people as they ran together in Solomon's porch! "Why look ye so earnestly on us as though we by our own power or holiness had made this

man to walk?" The God of our fathers hath done all this!

It was not in Peter—it was in Him who is the power of God unto recovery to everyone who believes. Therefore I do not point you at this hour to some one of your professors seated here among us or to some other officer of the university as the final source of inspiration. I point you to Him who is above all and through all and in you all. He would have every one of you strengthened with might by his spirit in the inner man. He would have Christ dwell in your hearts by faith. He would have us all rooted and grounded in the practice of good will to the end that at last we may be filled with all the fullness of God.

You all have your temptations to face, your obligations to meet, your doubts to solve, your duties to perform—duties which will not take no for an answer. If you go forth to the stiff, hard task of living a man's life and doing a man's full work in the world, leaning solely on the poor crutch of your own unaided, undirected strength, you will fail—and you will deserve to fail. But if you will go forth to live in the positive mood, in the sympathetic mood, and in the high mood of religious faith, then His name through faith in His name will give you that soundness and serviceableness which will be your best asset for the life that now is and the only adequate preparation for that longer, larger life which is to come.

VI

Does It Pay?

THE whole atmosphere of a certain passage in the first Gospel is exceedingly thrifty. Two of the disciples had just asked if they might sit, one on the right hand and the other on the left of the Master in His kingdom. Even in the kingdom of heaven they wanted to get in on the ground floor. When the other ten disciples heard about it, "they were moved with indignation," not by the unseemliness of the request, but because they wanted those two positions for themselves. And here was the warm-hearted Peter, commonly regarded as the best man in the group, looking out for Number One. "Lord, we have left all and followed thee. What shall we have therefore?" How much is there in it for us? What are we going to get out of it?

We are sorry Peter said it—it strikes the wrong note. The man who is serving God for what he can get out of it is not serving Him at all. The man who is following Christ with a basket on his arm to gather up the loaves and the fishes will be sent away empty. The young man who sends a bunch of flowers to a young lady hoping that she

will invite him to that dinner party which she is planning for next week has not shown her any courtesy—he has merely undertaken to do a little social business with her. The commercial spirit stains whatever it touches. These men in the story all belonged to that race which owes its unusual financial success to the fact that it has had its eye too much perhaps on the main chance, and it may easily be that the commercial spirit got the best of them. "Lord, we have left all and followed thee. What shall we have therefore?" When is the dividend coming and how big will it be?

It raises the whole question, "Does it pay to be religious?" I want to say three things about that query. In the first place, some men claim that it does pay. The author of the Book of Deuteronomy said so. "If thou shalt hearken unto the voice of the Lord thy God and walk in His ways, blessed shalt thou be in basket and in store, in the city and in the field, in the fruit of thy ground and in the increase of thy flocks." Piety pays—it brings health, wealth, family peace, and happiness generally.

The authors of many of the Psalms held the same view. "Trust in the Lord and do good; so shalt thou dwell in the land and verily thou shalt be fed." The man whose "delight is in the law of the Lord shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water—his leaf shall not wither, he shall bring

forth fruit in his season and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper." It pays to be good, these men said —there is nothing like it.

This principle is openly questioned in the Book of Job. Here was the best man of his time, a man perfect and upright, one who feared God and eschewed evil, yet he had no end of trouble! This principle is flatly denied in the Book of Ecclesiastes. "All things come alike to all, to the righteous and to the wicked, to him that sacrificeth and to him that sacrificeth not. And all go to one place—they all turn to dust, so that a man has no pre-eminence above a beast. Vanity of vanities, all is vanity!" Nothing pays; nothing is worth while! The author of that book did not believe for a moment that it pays to be good.

But he was a cynical, sceptical old chap and he was an exception. The general teaching of the Old Testament is to the effect that religious men are richly rewarded for their faith and practice. And this idea is embodied in some of the modern religious appeals. "Here is a good thing to invest in," some religious teachers are saying at this hour! "Go to church and worship God. It will give you better standing in the community; it will open up social and possibly business opportunities which otherwise you might miss; and it will put you on good terms with the Lord besides."

The main appeal of the Christian Science movement and of the New Thought movement and of

other similar movements, is frankly utilitarian. "Here is improved health," they say, "and peace of mind and an easy unconcern about sin, sickness, disease, and death as having no existence anyway, if you will only accept our doctrine." The Christian Science organization is as definite and businesslike in its general method as the Standard Oil Company.

And there are people who think that this is a very good sort of religion—it is so sensible and practical. It is not up in the air—it gets down to brass tacks. It is right there on the ground with the goods.

This is the gospel which Billy Sunday preaches in season and out of season. He insists in his own elegant way that religion is the best horse trade going. The shrewdest investment that any man can make of his time, his strength, and his money is to be a Christian. And one reason—it is not the only reason—why crowds flock to hear him, is that he rarely gets above the moral level where they are accustomed to think and to live. He does not disturb them by any lofty moral idealism or by calling upon them to think upon the finer aspects of religious life. And he is thoroughly consistent—he practices what he preaches. He has made more money and more fame ten times over out of being a professional evangelist than he ever would have made out of baseball. He sometimes carries away thirty, forty, or fifty thousand dollars

as his share of the "free will offering," as it is humorously called, at the end of a single series of meetings. He maintains that it does pay to be religious and with a good show of reason.

Now in that whole claim from the Book of Deuteronomy clear down to Billy Sunday there is an element of truth. It does pay to be good—at least it pays much better than being bad. "Honesty is the best policy"—it is a lot of other things too, but it is all that. The man in New York who tries to succeed in business by being a rascal is like the man who would undertake to make the Hudson River turn around and flow the other way for a while up toward Albany. It cannot be done. He will get wet and muddy and drowned perhaps for his pains. And when he is all through with his effort, the Hudson River will be flowing right along just the same, not toward Albany but toward the Battery. There is a big, strong physical order which enfolds us and no man can escape it. There is a big, strong moral order enfolding us which is as solid as granite and as reliable as the multiplication table. In that moral order honesty is the best policy. It pays to have a hundred cents in your dollar, thirty-six inches in your yardstick, and to weigh out sixteen ounces to the pound.

But all that is one of those half-truths which are sometimes more dangerous than lies. The man who is honest because it is the best policy

is not honest very far in. His honesty is only skin-deep. You could not bank on it in some difficult situation where honesty might involve sacrifice. He is not the type of man who swears to his own hurt and changeth not. His honesty is fair weather honesty and you have to look always to see which way the wind is before you know where you will find him. The way of "enlightened self-interest," as the economists sometimes call it in high-sounding phrase, has something to say for itself but it never becomes as "the path of the just which shineth more and more unto the perfect day."

And there is something repulsive about the commercial appeal where it is made in the name of religion. "Here, you hard-headed business men," it is sometimes said, "you ought to support the church because the church is a moral policeman! Your property is safer, your reputations are safer and your lives are safer where there are churches. You ought to help pay the minister's salary—the minister stands for law and order, and the successful development of your business depends on law and order. You ought to give to foreign missions because the missionary goes out to those backward nations and awakens new desires in those people. In a short time they will be wanting sewing machines made in Bridgeport, Connecticut, and furniture made in Grand Rapids, Michigan, and motor cars made in Detroit. It is good business to support foreign missions,—it opens up foreign markets."

Now I believe that every one of those claims is absolutely true. "Godliness is profitable for all things, having promise of the life which now is and of that which is to come." "Honor the Lord with thy substance and with the firstfruits of all thine increase," consecrate what you have to the highest you see, and there is a clear chance that "your barns will be filled with plenty." Being good or doing good is always a safe bet.

But I submit, that is not quite the atmosphere of the four gospels. It does not reflect the mind of the Master. It is not the best line of approach to the higher values of life. I would not urge any man anywhere to be religious on the ground that it pays. I believe the net result of that form of appeal is distinctly bad.

Let me say then, in the second place, that speaking after the manner of men, it does not pay to be religious. The Master did not claim that it would. "If any man would be my disciple, let him deny himself and take up his cross." He offered men hardship rather than prosperity. "In this world ye shall have tribulation." He had tribulation Himself and the disciple would naturally be as his Lord. His own life was not a paying investment, as we use that term. The foxes had holes and the birds of the air had nests but there were times when the Son of Man had nowhere to lay His head.

VI—Does It Pay?

If Christian discipleship meant always an easy, delightful, and rewarding experience, how did He come to be crucified? He began in the manger of a stable and He brought up on the cross yet He followed the way of Christian discipleship perfectly. "Peace I leave with you," He said to His disciples. "Not as the world giveth give I unto you; *my* peace I leave with you." It was a particular kind of peace. It was not the peace of steady financial success, of unbroken health, or of perfect happiness with never a cloud in the sky. *My peace* —not as the world giveth—give I unto you!

The claim that piety always brings prosperity breaks down in the presence of the facts. As a general principle good men prosper and bad men suffer, but not always. If the whole social order were controlled by wise and good men there might be a direct and constant connection between a man's personal character and the measure of his outward success. The social order is not so controlled. Every man's health and happiness are affected in a hundred ways by circumstances which he cannot control and by forces which are not controlled by wise and good men. In this half-baked, semi-pagan world of ours the claim that piety always brings prosperity lays the man who makes it open to the charge of insincerity. It has wrecked the faith of many credulous people who were led to put their trust in it.

And all this is just as it should be. If piety al-

ways brought prosperity, men would cease to choose between right and wrong—they would merely choose between that which would be for their own immediate advantage and that which would be for their disadvantage. And there is no religion in those choices of expediency.

Moreover, outward prosperity is not the highest form of reward. Here in the parable of the Pounds, Jesus indicated the sort of reward He had in mind for those who would follow Him. The nobleman gave each one of his ten servants a pound, saying to them "Go out and do business with that until I come." Then he took his journey into a far country. When he returned he found that one energetic, faithful servant had gained ten pounds more. His master rewarded him by saying, "Well done! Thou hast been faithful over a few things—I will make thee ruler over many things. Have thou authority over ten cities." The reward for fidelity did not come in hundred dollar bills or in a life of ease, luxury, and freedom from care. The servant had his reward in an increased capacity for service and an enlarged opportunity for doing good. He had done well with his ten pounds, now he would have authority over ten cities.

The highest reward for doing anything well lies in the power you gain to do it still better and to do more of it. The musician is not paid in twenty dollar gold pieces for his weeks and months and years of conscientious practice. He is paid in find-

ing himself able to sing or to play as he never could have done but for that discipline. The highest reward for reading good books rather than the trash which the wind driveth away, is found not in the amount of information gained, nor in the ideas acquired; it is found rather in the mental stimulus afforded by reading real books, in the quickening and development which enable a man to read still better books and to read them more intelligently; and by and by to write books of his own if he chooses. In any field you want to name, the reward comes mainly in an added power to live.

In that lower, easier sense which Peter had in mind in his unhappy question, the best things never pay. Norman Angell, the author of *The Great Illusion,* went about the world assailing war on the ground that it does not pay. The costliest thing any nation ever does is to fight. We who suffer from the increased cost of living and the heavy income taxes which reach down even into the modest purses of college professors know all about that. "Of course war does not pay," H. G. Wells replied, "but your argument is flimsy. War does not pay, but for that matter nothing that is noble ever pays in that sense." Poetry does not pay—Dante, Milton, and all the great poets were poor. Music does not pay—Beethoven and Bach never became millionaires. Love does not pay—it always lets the lover in for a lot of added

expenditure and increased obligation. The costliest thing that any man can do is to love his family, his friends, his country, his church. Naturally, then, when we come to religion, the noblest interest of them all, it does not pay. Its leading symbol is the cross.

"This do," Jesus said to the lawyer who was asking how he could inherit eternal life, "and thou shalt live." You may not get rich at it. You may not escape all trouble and unhappiness and have a merry time all the way through—the chances are all the other way—but if you follow Him you will live. You will find your chief reward in an enlarged capacity for life which is life indeed.

The pathetic fact about the poor, godless, irreligious people is that they are half dead and do not know it. They are dead at the top; they are dead at the heart. They are for all the world like blind men groping their way along the street and saying to each other, "We hear these foolish, superstitious people talking about the beauty of rainbows and sunsets, stained glass windows and rose bushes. How silly they are! There is nothing in it! It is perfectly apparent to us that the whole world is black." Poor chaps, they are dead in their eyes and the irreligious people are dead in their souls!

"This do and thou shalt live!" The men who stood before the great white throne "clothed in white robes and with palms in their hands," singing with all their might, had not found the way

easy. Just the reverse—"they had come up out of great tribulation," but they were alive to their finger tips and that was their reward.

In that higher sense, then, it does pay to be religious, to come at last to the true answer to my question. There is nothing that pays so well in terms of life, in those values which are supreme and enduring.

In every great city there are young men and maidens living meagerly. They show the same disregard for the whole process of making money which the monks and nuns showed with their vows of poverty and celibacy. These young people are making their renunciation for the sake of music or painting, for the sake of literature or social service. And they have their reward, not in cash but in an enlarged capacity to live and to produce that upon which their hearts are set. They are making themselves at home in a realm of values which the man of dollars knows not of. They would tell you that this sort of devotion to an ideal does pay tremendously.

Now in that readiness to give up everything else for the sake of doing the one thing which they count supreme do we not come fairly close to the spirit of religion? Is not religion giving the best one has to the highest he sees? The fireman dashes into a burning building to save a woman or a child regardless of his own safety! The policeman faces

some ugly situation in the dark and stands there to be shot at if need be, because it all comes in the day's work! The engineer goes to his death with one hand on the throttle and the other on the air brake, in one last brave attempt to save his train and his passengers! The captain stands on the bridge giving orders about getting people into the lifeboats and then goes down with his ship! In every case there is something central, vital, fundamental in the man's own soul which takes command and leads him to count fidelity to duty the highest thing on earth. Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life in the performance of his duty! And if you could ask any one of those men in such an hour as to whether it was or was not worth while, he would say, "This is life and nothing less than this can ever be."

William Jennings Bryan has been telling people that science destroys religion and that scientific men for the most part are godless men. I wonder if he knows what he is talking about. These men of science may not always pronounce the word Shibboleth just as Mr. Bryan pronounces it; they may not always observe the same forms which we are observing here today. But in their single-minded devotion to the truth and in their desire to make their intelligence serve the needs of the race, some of them come nearer to the soul of religion than do some of those who give an easy assent to all the creeds.

VI—Does It Pay?

Here was Thomas H. Huxley saying: "Science seems to me to teach the great truth embodied in the Christian doctrine of entire surrender to the will of God. Sit down before the facts as a little child. Be prepared to give up if need be every preconceived notion. Follow humbly wherever nature leads or you will not learn anything. I have only gained peace of mind since I resolved at any cost to do just this." Is not that about what we mean when we talk about becoming as little children, open-minded, teachable, obedient, that we may enter the kingdom of heaven? Is not that what we mean when we rely upon the Spirit of Truth, who is the Holy Spirit, to lead our minds into a deeper knowledge of the truth and our hearts into a richer experience of God's own grace?

It does pay to be religious—nothing pays so well—but the payment is made naturally in the coin of that realm which we call the kingdom of God on earth. And here as everywhere, no man can serve two masters. No man can serve God and mammon at the same time without getting things mixed. No man can make it the supreme purpose of his life to get gain and at the same time make it the supreme purpose of his life to live in the spirit and after the method of the Master. He will have to choose which God he will serve. The soul that would be true, true to itself, true to the best it sees in other souls and true to God, must stand ready to say at any moment, "Rich or poor, sick

or well, successful or defeated, I will do what I believe to be the will of God. I will follow the gleam until I am privileged to walk in that light where there is no darkness at all." And every man who makes that supreme choice will enter at once into an inheritance undefiled, incorruptible that fadeth not away.

Does it pay to be religious? I vote "Yes," with both hands up!

VII

The Man Who Played Fast and Loose

WHAT a lot of human nature stands revealed in that story of Balaam! It might have been written yesterday here in New Haven. It is a moving picture of the moral nature of a man in the presence of temptation. It shows us how a man who started out to be straight played hide and seek with his conscience until he finally went down in shame and defeat. Let me notice the five outstanding truths in that little drama of the inner life!

We have here a man whose first reaction in the presence of evil was sound. The Israelites had come out of Egypt. They had won a notable victory over the Amorites. When they reached the land of Moab, Balak, the king of the Moabites, was the worst scared man east of the Mediterranean. He felt that his time had come; he thought that he and his people were about to be wiped off the map.

He therefore sent a message to this prophet

Balaam, who was supposed to be able to bless and to curse, to cast spells and pronounce incantations which would be effective for good or for ill. It was a belief they had in that far-off time. "Come now," the king said, "and curse me this people that I may prevail over them and cast them out. For I know that he whom thou blessest is blessed and he whom thou cursest is cursed." He was ready to pay for this mysterious help in fighting his enemies. He was willing to cross the prophet's palm with silver. His messengers carried "the rewards of divination" in their hands.

But for some reason Balaam, outsider though he was, felt that those Jews were not a people to be cursed. He dimly recognized something of the significance they would have for the moral life of mankind. "The Lord refuseth me leave to go with you," he replied. "How shall I curse whom God has not cursed! If Balak would give me his house full of silver and gold I could not go beyond the word of the Lord to do less or more." His first reaction in the presence of evil was valid. He stood there in the face of temptation firm and resolute in his refusal to do what he believed to be wrong.

In worldly matters think twice—think three or four times if you are not sure. Look before you leap! In moral questions our first thoughts are likely to be our best thoughts. The instant recoil

which an honest man feels when theft or forgery is first suggested to him; the flush of shame which comes to the face of a decently reared boy the first time he is tempted to take a foul or profane word upon his lips; the disgust which any upright man feels when he sees bootlegging going on in flat disregard for the rules of the college whose benefits he receives and in open contempt for the law of the country whose protection he enjoys; the drawing back which any healthy nature shows when one is asked to stain his honor with vice! These first thoughts are our best thoughts.

"Is thy servant a dog that he should do this thing?" a man once said here in the Bible. His word voiced the stout protest of an honest heart against the doing of an evil deed. And yet, dog or no dog, he finally did it. He tarried in the presence of that temptation until it was too much for him. When the wicked king first asked Balaam to do wrong, he refused. His own better nature said to him, "Thou shalt not go."

In the second place, after having refused he lingered in the presence of temptation. When Balaam refused, the men returned to the king, saying, "Balaam refuseth to come." Then Balak sent another deputation of still more honorable princes with still larger rewards of divination in their hands. He also added this message, "I will

promote thee to very great honor if thou wilt curse me this people. Let nothing prevent thee from coming."

Then Balaam answered again, "If Balak would give me his house full of silver and gold I could not go beyond the word of the Lord. But tarry ye here this night that I may hear what the Lord will say more." Let me think it over! Let me sleep on it! Let me offer another prayer or two that I may see if there is not some way in which this thing which the king desires so much can be done. He began to parley with the messengers, with his conscience, and with God. Having once refused as an honest man, he decided to stay a little longer in the presence of that temptation and feel the further warmth of a guilty desire.

How human it all is! I told you that it might have been written yesterday. You know all about it—so do I! So does every man who has sense enough to know what the devil looks like when he meets him. Those old chaps in that far-away land wore sandals instead of shoes, flowing robes in place of trousers. They rode on camels and donkeys, knowing nothing of steam cars and automobiles, but in their moral processes they were "even as you and I."

The poet knew what he was talking about—it is more than a good rhyme, it is a bit of sound ethics.

VII—Man Who Played Fast and Loose

"Vice is a monster of so frightful mien
As to be hated needs but to be seen;
But seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

The name of the man who wrote those lines was Pope and had he lived in the Vatican as the highest official of a great historic church, he could not have spoken more infallibly touching that phase of moral experience. "Tarry here this night," the man said to evil, that I may think it over and see what the Lord will say more. "The double minded man is unstable in all his ways"—he may easily topple over into perdition when once he forsakes the habit of standing erect.

And then this man Balaam did protest too much. "If Balak would give me his house full of silver and gold I could not go beyond the word of the Lord." There is a touch of boasting here which strikes a false note. The honest man does not brag and blow about his honesty—he goes straight along about his business in upright fashion as if for him there could be no other path than that of integrity. The brave man does not wave his arms up and down and beat upon a drum to call attention to his courage on the field of battle. He goes right along doing his duty as naturally as a horse eats oats. The virtuous woman does not stand up and shout about her honor—she takes it for granted and bears herself in such a way that all

the people she meets likewise take it for granted. There is a certain fine simplicity and unconsciousness about the real thing in character. This man with his big talk about the inadequacy of a house full of silver and gold to corrupt him, missed it. He stayed on in the presence of temptation bragging about his fidelity to the word of the Lord but with his eyes resting all the while on that evil thing.

In the third place he finally decided that he could do wrong and still in some subtle way bring it within the rules of conscience. When he came out next morning after sleeping on it, and thinking it over, he announced, "The Lord said to me, Rise up and go with them but only the word that I speak shalt thou do." He had compounded with his sense of right—he was ready to go.

The men probably laughed in their sleeves over the moral dexterity of this shifty prophet who wanted to do wrong and still save his face. But they said nothing; they were there to "get him" and they had him. By that wrong decision Balaam went over bag and baggage into the enemy's country. Yet he tried to persuade himself that it was all right and that when it came to a showdown he would still have the Lord on his side. Alas, poor Balaam!

No man can serve two masters without getting things mixed. You cannot serve the Lord with

your right hand and the devil with your left and keep on good terms with them both. You cannot carry water on both shoulders without finally spilling it all. Either your purpose is to do what you believe to be the will of God for you, or your purpose is to do something else. It is all as plain and straight as a proposition in physics. Here is right and there is wrong, and at bottom they are as far apart as the East is from the West. You cannot travel in this direction and in that at the same time—that is all there is about it. In the very nature of the case you cannot do those things which destroy your own inner sense of worth and peace; you cannot do those things which in their outcome mean hurt and loss to other lives; you cannot do those things which are contrary to the spirit and method of the Master who knew what was in man and needed not that any should tell Him; in a word, you cannot do things that are wrong and feel right about it. You cannot be mean and vile on the sly and yet hold up your head and feel any measure of moral self-respect. It cannot be done, Balaam to the contrary notwithstanding.

If you are attempting it, the only thing for you to do is to get down on your knees with the rest of us and join in the General Confession. "We have erred and strayed from thy ways like lost sheep. We have followed too much the devices and desires of our own hearts. We have done those things which we ought not to have done and we

have left undone those things which we ought to have done and there is no health in us." Then having made that honest confession, make an about face!

The only way in which a man can practice that which his own moral sense disapproves is to wear blinders. Many a man in the business world would be altogether too decent and humane to employ certain industrial methods which he is following if he saw the misery which those methods entail upon the less fortunate lives which are bound up with his own in that enterprise. He does not allow himself to see all that or even to think about it. The average young fellow has altogether too much native chivalry to be guilty of certain forms of evildoing if he saw the tragedy and horror which come a little later to those weaker lives which are concerned in that transaction. He does not allow his moral imagination to picture all that. If he did he would not do the vile deed. Poor Balaam thought he could do wrong and then by some hocus-pocus bring it within the rules of conscience.

In the fourth place, when Balaam took that line he encountered obstacles which even a dumb beast would understand. "The way of the transgressor is hard," sometimes right off, sometimes later, sometimes in one way, sometimes in another. The Lord does not do all his work with the same tool. Sometimes the way of transgression is hard out

in the open where everybody can see, and sometimes it is hard in the secret places of a man's own heart where wrongdoing works out blight, mildew, and corruption until the man becomes like an apple with a fair skin but rotten at the core.

The Lord of all the values there are never overlooks anything. No man ever succeeds in outwitting Him and getting away with it. When the returns are all in, the way of the transgressor is hard—neither the Revised Version nor the Higher Criticism has made any change at that point.

How vividly this story about Balaam brings out that truth! The author was a poet and a painter and he had also a keen sense of humor. He draws his lines with a sure hand. When Balaam decided to go with those men in order to gain the rewards of wrongdoing by cursing the Israelites, he saddled his ass and got on. Just as the sun rose over the eastern hills he trotted off down the road with those messengers of the wicked king. He was "booted and spurred and ready to ride" along the road that leads to destruction.

Just there the strangest sort of things began to happen. First, this trained and tractable animal on which he had ridden for years refused to follow the road. She turned aside into the field and Balaam had to beat her over the head with his staff to get her back. Then a little farther on, with that obstinacy which is characteristic of the whole mule tribe, she thrust herself against the wall and

crushed Balaam's foot and tried to rub him off. Again he beat her over the head with his staff. They went on but presently the ass fell down and rolled over and rolled Balaam off in the dirt. Then Balaam's anger was kindled and he beat the poor ass more fiercely than ever.

Then we read, "The Lord opened the mouth of the ass," and she spoke. It is an Oriental story and it is told in Oriental fashion but the meaning is plain. The Lord opened the mouth of the ass and she told Balaam what a moral fool he was making of himself. We do not know what language the ass used—it may have been the language of signs. She called his attention to the fact that all those obstacles were divine intimations that he was on the wrong track. "Then the Lord opened the eyes of Balaam and he saw an angel standing in the way with a drawn sword in his hand." He was headed straight for destruction. He was riding for a fall. If the poor ass who saw more than did this disobedient man had not rolled him off, he would have been killed then and there by the angel with the drawn sword.

How vividly the story is told! It is as good as a play. What delicate irony there is in contrasting the moral insight of a dumb beast with the moral blindness of a man who is setting forth to do wrong! When her eyes and his ranged over that situation, the ass had the best of him—she saw more than he did. She understood better than he

did what would be good for Balaam because his heart was evil. It recalls Mark Twain's grim statement—"Man is the only animal that blushes, or that needs to."

There are men who are so blinded by their own evil purposes and bad habits that they use their powers with less insight and judgment than do the horses and dogs about them. What did the animals think about the Great War? It carries us back to that ancient Psalm, "I was envious when I saw the prosperity of the wicked. Their strength is firm and they are not in trouble. They say, How does God know? Is there knowledge with the Most High? In vain have I washed my hands in innocency."

Then in a better mood the Psalmist adds, "So foolish I was and ignorant. I was as a beast before thee. Whom have I in heaven but thee? And there is none upon earth that I desire beside thee. Thou dost hold me by thy right hand. Thou shalt guide me with thy counsel, and afterward receive me to glory." It is a frightful thing for a man to show less moral judgment than would a beast of the field.

Finally, this misguided man was unable to gain the rewards of his evildoing—he failed at the last. When the Lord opened the eyes of Balaam, he saw an angel standing in the way with a drawn sword. He saw his own mistake and confessed his

folly. "I have sinned—I knew not that it was Thou that stoodest in the way against me." But the Lord allowed him to complete his journey into the enemy's country and carry out his evil purposes if he could. He must learn his lesson clear down to the bottom of the page and see once for all how futile are all our efforts to gain our happiness in ways that are wrong.

He therefore went on with the messengers of the wicked king until they reached the Land of Moab. He was met by the king who had promised to promote him to great honor for cursing the Israelites. He asked that the servants of the king should go to a rocky promontory overlooking the plain where the Israelites were encamped and build there seven altars and lay upon them the bodies of seven bullocks as an offering to the deity in whose name he was to speak. No pains were to be spared in securing an enchantment which would work havoc upon Israel.

All this was done and then Balaam stood up to earn his wages by cursing the people of God. He made his mysterious passes. He sought to cast an evil spell upon the helpless Israelites. He opened his mouth to utter the words of cursing but somehow the words would not come. They stuck in his throat like Macbeth's Amen when he tried to pray after he had murdered the king. He just could not do it. "How shall I curse whom God hath not cursed! How shall I defy whom God hath not

defied! Behold, I have received commandment to bless and I cannot reverse it."

Then the king was wroth—he had hired Balaam to curse his enemies and behold he had blessed them. But he suggested that they should go to another promontory where Balaam could not see all of the Israelites but only "the utmost part of them," only the fag end of them. He felt that if Balaam would look merely at a half-truth he might be able to utter words which would not come to his lips when he saw the whole truth. The prophet had been taking too large a view of the matter.

Again the altars were built and the sacrifices laid in order. Again Balaam tried to please the king by cursing the Israelites but again he failed. All he could say was this—"How goodly are thy tents, O Jacob! This people shall dwell alone and not be reckoned with the nations." He saw something of the solitary moral grandeur which made the ancient Hebrews unlike any other nation. "There shall go forth a Star out of Jacob and a Scepter shall arise out of Israel." There would arise from that race a type of spiritual leadership by which all nations would be blessed. "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his!"

In spite of himself he had blessed them again. He could not earn the rewards of his iniquity, try as he would. His life was a failure and in a later

chapter we read that he was slain with the sword when the Israelites won a further victory over their enemies. "The wages of sin is death." "The wicked shall be turned into Hell and all the nations which forget God."

Here then was the tragic end of a man who played fast and loose with his conscience! The story itself makes its own moral application. How futile are all the attempts of men to please and profit themselves by lines of action which do not please God! How vain are all the efforts of men to climb up into their happiness by ways which God does not approve!

"Be sure your sin will find you out," and throw you down. "God is not mocked." Sooner or later every man must reap exactly what he has sown. Here only is the path of safety and of honor:— "Whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are clean, whatsoever things are honorable, whatsoever things are reputable, whatsoever things are lovable, think on these things." Build them into your life as essential factors in all genuine achievement. By that grace which God gives to every man who seeks, do the thing which is right, for that alone will bring peace at the last!

VIII

The Fighting Instinct

"I HAVE fought a good fight." What strange words to be found on the lips of a Christian apostle! He never had a sword in his hand; he never struck a man in his life. He would not have harmed the weakest or the meanest man on earth.

He was a follower of the Prince of Peace. He took his orders from One who said, "This is the first and great command, Thou shalt love." He said himself, "The fruits of the spirit are love, joy, peace, patience, gentleness, goodness" and the like. He wrote the best hymn on love to be found anywhere in print. "Love suffereth long and is kind, beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things." That was his method, yet here at the close of his career, he adds it all up by saying, "I have fought a good fight."

Let me notice three things about that statement! First, he said it because he was a man. In every real man the fighting instinct is present. In every healthy man there is something which rejoices in a downright good fight. It is no accident that so large a part of the world's history is taken up with

the record of its wars. It is no accident that for generations men have been ready to pay larger sums of money for briefer periods of entertainment in the shape of prize fights than for any other kind of public performance. I have never seen a prize fight—I do not suppose that I ever shall. But I have read about them next morning when the famous contests have taken place and I can understand the keen interest men feel when one man stands up to match his strength, his skill, and his endurance against that of another man according to the rules of the game.

The apostle therefore who called upon men to "put on the whole armor of God and fight the good fight of faith" was interested in combat because he was so intensely human. He took life as it came, standing up. He gloried in the militant aspect of righteousness. "Endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ," he said to the young man at his side. He urged upon his friends the fine qualities of the soldier at his best. "Have your loins girt about with truth and put on the breastplate of righteousness. Take the shield of faith, the helmet of salvation and the sword of the spirit, which is the word of God, that ye may be able to stand" against the evil of the world and fight it to the death. In that combat he prayed that "the peace of God which passeth all understanding might garrison"—that was the word he used as it stands in the Greek—"their hearts and minds in the

knowledge and the love of God." He belonged to the church militant, and he would have rejoiced to hear a body of young men singing in lusty fashion "The Son of God goes forth to war."

The fighting instinct is bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh. You cannot eliminate it without eliminating the man. Anyone who deprecates it or minimizes it, or fails to satisfy its legitimate demands, weakens his power of appeal. The Christian is not a weakling or a milksop who draws back from the evil of the world for fear he may get hurt. He does not flee because he cares more for his own comfort and safety than for anything else. He stands ready for the hazard of a contest.

"The hireling fleeth because he is a hireling and careth not for the sheep." He sees the wolf coming and runs away, leaving the sheep to their fate. "The good shepherd lays down his life for the sheep," fighting the wolf. He does not die comfortably in his bed—he dies engaged in heroic and bloody warfare against those forces of evil which menace the interests committed to his care. This is the Christian ideal as outlined by the Founder of our faith.

In the second place, the apostle fought "a good fight." There are fights and fights. When a man fights because he is angry over some fancied grievance or some petty opposition to his desires, he is not fighting a good fight—he is simply engaged in

a disgraceful brawl. When a nation fights for conquest or material advantage or for vengeance in the paying off of some old score, it has lapsed into moral barbarism. The motives and interests in view must lift the struggle in each case from the low level of malice or greed into the broad field of moral purpose. What we want is not to suppress the fighting instinct but to elevate it, to direct it, and to consecrate it to the high ends which God had in view when he made us as we are.

When we view the whole matter in this clearer light, there is no moral inconsistency between the fighting instinct and the spirit of love. They are the convex and the concave sides of the same shield of faith. "Ye that love the Lord, hate evil" —the two attitudes go together. Ye that love your fellows, stand ready to do battle on behalf of those interests which are more precious than life itself. The man who would not defend the woman he loves, his wife or his daughter, his mother or his sister, from insult and outrage at the hands of some foul-hearted brute, does not deserve a woman's love. He would not be able to retain it, if she is a true woman. Love with no force back of it, with no edge on it, might gain a certain soft sort of admiration—it would never command the respect of strong men or of high-minded women.

Have you ever read Wendell Phillips' speeches against slavery? He was an aristocrat from Beacon Hill, a cultured Bostonian, a Harvard scholar, but

when he spoke out for abolition, when abolition was anything but popular even in Boston, he stirred up mobs which answered back with stones.

Have you ever read Lord Shaftesbury's arraignment of the England of his day for its social and industrial wrongs, for its indifference to the rights of the women and children who worked in the mines, for its heartless disregard for the less fortunate members of society? His words cut like knives.

Have you read Jacob Riis' *The Battle with the Slum,* where he portrays the lining up of human sympathy against the want, the dirt, and the vice of the lower east side of New York? In every case it is the story of "a good fight" and it awakens a swift response in every true man's soul.

How splendidly this quality shone out in the life of Abraham Lincoln! He was the very essence of gentleness and forbearance, so far as his personal feelings went. When Seward, Chase, or Stanton, members of his own cabinet, would speak slightingly of him or address him with words of insult, Lincoln would turn it off with a smile or a joke and proceed with the public business. When the Marquis of Hartington came here from England and spoke contemptuously in public about Lincoln, because of certain eccentricities in his dress and manner, and then later, sensing the true greatness of the man, went to Washington and asked to be received at the White House, Lincoln

received him. He received him cordially, addressing him, however, several times in delicate irony as "Mr. Partington."

But underneath all that forbearance there was a soul which was a flame of fire in the presence of cruelty or injustice. We are told that when he stood in New Orleans as a young man and saw a comely young mulatto woman being sold as a slave, the auctioneer bawling out in coarse fashion, "Step up and examine her, gentlemen; I have no secrets from my customers," Lincoln said to himself, "By the living God, if I ever have a chance to hit that thing, I will hit it hard." He had to wait a long time for his chance but in 1863 it came. With his Emancipation Proclamation and the Union armies behind him, he "hit it hard" and human slavery vanished forever from beneath the stars and stripes. He fought a good fight.

You will find those who, because they have been fed mainly on stained glass windows, mediæval paintings, and a weak sort of pietistic literature, think that Jesus Christ was soft and spineless. They do Him wrong. It is significant that the very name He bore was the name of the greatest general in His country's history. "Jesus" is just the Greek form of "Joshua."

When He heard the Pharisees in the synagogue murmuring because He had healed a cripple on the Sabbath, "He was angered" and He gave them a look which they never forgot. When He saw the

religious leaders of His day guilty of hypocrisy and cruelty, He denounced them to their faces in words so terrible that a minister hardly dares to read them from his pulpit. And when He found the temple of worship filled with noisy, dickering, dishonest traders, He drove them out. It takes some measure of manly strength to drive a bunch of dishonest Jews out of a place where they are making money. He was a Jew Himself, and it angered Him that those men were denying all the high traditions of their race. He sought to recall them to their task of moral leadership and to make His Father's house once more a house of prayer. His righteous purpose had always an edge on it.

He did all these things because He was a man, the Perfect, the Typal, the Representative Man, the Son of Man! Touching His own personal feelings He was charity incarnate. "Whosoever shall speak a word against the Son of Man it shall be forgiven him"—He cared little about that. When a nasty little Samaritan village refused Him entertainment overnight because He was a Jew, He did not burn it up as His disciples suggested—He went on to another village which would entertain Him. When He reached the close of His life, His enemies nailed Him to the cross and put a crown of thorns on His head in mockery of His claims about His kingdom. They stood off and jeered at Him in His hour of pain and some of the meanest

of them actually walked up and spat upon Him. All He said was, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

He cared not one whit for personal insult, but in the presence of cruelty, hypocrisy, inhumanity which was injuring others, He showed an indignation which a writer of that day called "The wrath of the Lamb." It was not personal petulance—it was wrath with a moral basis. He fought the good fight of faith against the evil of the world.

Now we are all here to do just that! You need not think that the War is over—we still have upon our hands what William James so fitly called "The moral equivalent of war." You need not think that all the enemies of righteousness are in Germany and Bulgaria and Turkey. They are all about us and sometimes within us—the devil does not operate in any limited jurisdiction. Here they are strongly entrenched, greed and social injustice, the willingness to trade upon the weakness of others for the sake of gain and the readiness to graft upon the public! The power of evil stands there in all its ugly forms, a menace to human well-being, the foe of progress, showing its flat contempt for the spiritual values at stake. And if any man thinks that it can be overcome without a long, hard fight, he does not know what he is talking about.

Look out broadly upon our modern life! Look

at the business of the world! Look at the politics of the world! Look at the amusements of the world! Look at those who deliberately pander to vice and crime for the sake of gain! Here are forces innumerable making against the honor, the purity, and the progress of society! Here are forces which menace the strength and the stability of the Republic! Here are forms of evil which imperil the finer and more delicate interests of women and children!

Now these evils will not vanish of themselves. They will not take themselves off because some pious soul wishes that it might be so. They will have to be fought all along the line. And it is for college men everywhere, strong in their training and in the capacity for leadership, to stand for the finest methods there are in commerce, in industry, and in political life. It is for them to show that generous, chivalrous treatment of the weak, which belongs to manhood at its best. And any man who sets forth to do that, will have upon his hands a good fight.

Some people have thought that New Testament morality was feeble and sickly. That is because they have never read the New Testament. Read it—read it all! During the war certain near-sighted people, who needed glasses and did not know it, talked as if the only passage in the gospels to be taken literally was "Resist not evil." They thought that all the rest of it was more or less figurative.

How little they knew! The New Testament rings true. It shows no weak sentimentality, no silly fondness for the actions of bad men. "Prepare ye the way of the Lord—make his paths straight." "Every tree that beareth not good fruit shall be hewn down." "Not every one that saith, Lord, Lord, shall enter the kingdom of heaven but he that doeth the will of my Father." "If any man would be my disciple let him deny himself and take up his cross and follow me." "Ye shall indeed drink of my cup and be baptized with my baptism." It is a fight against evil all the way along.

We are living through one of the hard, heroic periods of human history. The struggle which is now on to put down evil and cause right principles to bear rule is a very clear-cut, definite thing. Life, as you and I have to face it, is no high-browed, absent-minded meditation on the inscrutable; it is no sentimental mooning after something which might be but is not. Life is brass tacks and other things like that. The man who means to count one in the ultimate triumph of right principle, will be conscious every day in the week that he has upon his hands a downright good fight.

In the third place, the man who fights "a good fight" fights on the winning side. He fights on the winning side because he fights with God and not against Him. He runs his eye over the roster as did

those men of old and says, "If God be for us who can be against us?" He sees the whole moral order, the providential direction of the forces of earth and sky, the right arm of the Omnipotent, fighting steadily on the side of moral purpose. "Who shall separate us," he cries, "from the love of God? Shall tribulation or persecution, or peril or sword? Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors." He faces life undaunted, for he knows that "neither life nor death nor things present nor things to come" shall be able to separate us from the love and the help of God, which bring victory at the last.

I believe in the final prevalence of righteousness. I believe in the ultimate triumph of the kingdom of God on earth. I believe all that because I believe that God, the Father Almighty, has not cut out a piece of work for Himself which will prove too hard for Him. He intends to win.

He knows the waywardness and the obstinacy of the human will; He knows how evil becomes entrenched in customs, tendencies, institutions. Even so He took the risk of creating a race of men who should be free to choose. He might have made a world with no sin in it. He might have made us like the trees. The trees do not sin—they do right because they cannot do otherwise; they have no option. But we can choose; and because we are free, we sometimes choose wrong and evil comes. Straight in the face of that possibility, God made

this race of free men and then undertook by processes of redemption and education to bring these finite spirits into moral agreement and co-operation with His own Infinite Spirit, to the end that at last the glory of unconstrained obedience to the highest we see might cover the earth as the waters cover the sea. The man who fights with that purpose fights on the winning side.

The weapons of this warfare are not carnal. They do not destroy men's lives—they save them. They are the weapons of instruction and persuasion, of nurture and of culture, of moral appeal and of right example, which become mighty through God for the pulling down of the strongholds of evil.

In that great picture of Christ which is drawn in the last book of the Bible, His hair was white as snow, indicative of age and dignity. His face was shining like the sun. His eyes were like flames of fire. His voice was like the sound of many waters. And in His mouth He had a sharp two-edged sword. His sword was not in His hand, it was in His mouth. By His uttered words of enlightenment and of inspiration He would fight the good fight and beat down the forces of evil.

In the moral contests which are now on, how vital it is that every right-minded man should enlist somewhere! "Whoso is on the Lord's side, let him come unto me," an ancient leader cried.

VIII—The Fighting Instinct

"Choose you this day whom you will serve." If it be some poor, cheap, wooden idol of material gain or of spiritual indifference, have the courage to say so to yourself and to your fellows. If it be the God of righteousness, then have the courage to say that.

Get down off the fence and line up where you belong! Show your colors by putting on the uniform of an openly declared purpose! Make a clear-cut, candid confession of the faith which is to rule your life. And then if you would show your good sense, having enlisted under the best banner of all, the banner of Christian devotion, fight the good fight of faith and lay hold of that quality of being which is life eternal.

IX

The Line of Approach

HERE were two men on their way to church! When the service was over, one man had gotten something out of it, the other nothing at all. They both "went into the temple to pray," and they both prayed. Each man brought forth a prayer after his kind. When they had finished, one man had been blessed and the other was left unblessed.

The temple was the same solid stone fact for both men. The temple service with its hymns, its lessons, and its prayers, made identically the same spiritual appeal to both men. The great God in whose honor the temple had been reared, to whom the service of worship was offered, is no respecter of persons. He does not love one man because he is a Jew and hate another because he is a Gentile. He was the same august, beneficent Being to both of these men, yet one "went down to his house justified," renewed, ennobled, enriched, while the other went away no better than he came. In view of the fact that to many people churchgoing is largely a matter of habit and to many others, particularly the younger members of the com-

munity, it is sometimes a matter of compulsion, it might be interesting to ask what made the difference for these two men.

The whole difference lay in the line of approach. With the same measure ye mete it out, it shall be measured to you again. You get as you bring. What you take away is determined mainly by what you brought with you. The rebound you get from any situation depends upon what you throw against it and on how hard you throw it. This is true in physics and it is no less true in religion. The reaction you secure from any set of forces, physical or spiritual, is largely determined by the active agent you introduce into that combination by your own method and purpose. The whole thing is in your hands—the difference lies in the line of approach.

The first man approached religion thoroughly satisfied with himself. You could see it in the way he strutted down the aisle. He seemed to think that he was conferring a great favor on the temple and on the Almighty Himself by being there at all. "He trusted in himself that he was righteous and despised others." He stood there bragging about himself, "pointing with pride," as they say in political conventions, to his own spiritual achievements. He was so sure of himself that it never occurred to him to kneel—"the Pharisee

stood" erect throughout. He had never in his life been awe-struck in the presence of anything in heaven above or on the earth beneath. His own self-conceit had blinded him utterly to his own limitations. He was a spiritual prig, a moral snob.

Hear the fellow pray! "The Pharisee stood and prayed thus with himself," the Master says with painful accuracy. He prayed with himself. The whole transaction was entirely subjective. He never got beyond the limits of his own meagre soul. The prayer did not even rise as high as the ceiling—it rose only to the top of his own swollen head.

"God, I thank thee that I am not as other men are, unjust, extortioners, adulterers, or even as this publican. I fast twice in the week; I give tithes of all that I possess." I, I, I! He was an adept in the use of the first personal pronoun. It marched at the head of his prayer all the way through like a drum major in a bearskin. How far he was from the kingdom of God! How devoid of the first elements of the spirit of devotion! He approached religion in such a way as to find in front of him a solid stone wall of exclusion.

What a wretched ladder he used to climb up into his complacency! "Thank God, I am not as other men are!" What other men—extortioners, adulterers! The lowest, meanest men he could name! Men who had been robbing their neighbors and destroying the peace of families. It must have

been gratifying to feel that in the moral race he had not been entirely beaten by those rascals.

If he had taken men of any size morally speaking, if he had chosen standards with some height about them, his poor, cheap victory would not have been so readily won. Thank God, I am not as those jailbirds are! There are actually meaner men in this world than I am! What a cause for moral complacency!

Have you ever seen that man? He is not a product of Palestine alone—he is indigenous to our own soil. In fact I saw him as I came along this morning—he may be here in this chapel for all I know. He is the man who has never been sufficiently disturbed by the vision of something higher and finer in spiritual achievement to bring him to his knees before the Lord.

He sometimes says upon occasion, "Thank God, I am as good as some of those church members." And when you ask him what church members he has in mind, he brings forward some poor cripples and dwarfs who have never attained their full size spiritually. If he would only take a good sizable Christian when he makes his comparison!

He will say to you, "What need have I of your religion or of your Christ!" And when you look at the quality and measure of life which satisfies him, you feel like saying, "No need whatever! If this ten-cent-store type of spiritual life is all that you have in mind, do the little job yourself. You

have no need to call upon God or man for help in doing that."

You can understand instantly why such a man would get nothing out of any temple service. He has his doors all shut and locked. He has his storm windows all up. His own conceit and self-satisfaction make it impossible for any breath of heaven to blow upon him. He is a moral snob, a spiritual prig, a man from whose lips the note of penitence, of yearning, of aspiration, never comes.

The second man came with longing in his heart. He did not point with pride—he "viewed with alarm," as they also say in political conventions, his own moral deficiencies. He did not brag about his virtues, he asked forgiveness for his sins. He did not trust in himself that he was righteous—he trusted that God would be merciful to a man who wanted to do better.

He saw nothing, felt nothing, mentioned nothing during that hour except his own desire to climb up into a finer quality of life. He wanted to walk upon a higher level of thought, of feeling, of action. There in the temple he felt the seriousness and dignity of living. He felt his kinship with the Eternal. He felt within him the capacity to wear the likeness and image of the Most High. He saw himself a candidate for a destiny that might cause him to outlast and to outshine the stars. He was a child of God, and he had not been living a life

worthy of that high estate. The very sense of lack and need in the presence of those great ideals brought him to his knees.

Hear this second man pray! "God, be merciful to me a sinner!" That was all he said. That was all he needed to say. You have there the four main terms of religious experience. God, the object of religion, the ground of all finite existence, the basis of all our trust! Me, the subject of religion, the human soul, the field where religion works out its beneficent results! Sin, the obstacle to religion, the cause of all our moral failure, the source of all our alienation from God! And mercy, the agent of religion, the instrument whereby God achieves our redemption! It is all there in that one brief expression—"God, be merciful to me a sinner!" Let any man enter the temple with those words on his lips, with that mood in his heart, and he will not go away unblessed, I care not how the details of the service may be arranged.

You would be interested in noticing the word this man used when he said "sin." The term is taken from archery which was common in that day. It is "*amartia*" and the first meaning of the word is "missing the mark." Sin is missing the mark. The sinner is a man who goes about landing his arrows anywhere and everywhere except in the target. Sometimes he shoots too low, as he yields to the coarse sins of the flesh. Sometimes he overshoots the mark by his own conceit and pride.

Sometimes he shoots off to one side for lack of aim and purpose in his life. He is living by mood, whim, impulse, rather than by principle and settled conviction. Sin is missing the mark.

This is the way those familiar passages would read if you translated them literally as they stand there in the New Testament. The publican smote upon his breast, saying, "God, be merciful to me a man who has missed the mark." The prodigal came back from the far country, where he had been with the hogs and the harlots, saying, "Father, I have missed the mark before heaven and in thy sight." When Jesus walked down the street with Zaccheus, a thieving, miserly tax collector, the people murmured, saying, "Behold, he has gone to be the guest of a man who has missed the mark." When that unhappy woman crept into the house of Simon and cried at the feet of Christ, the Pharisee said, "This man if he were a prophet, would have known what manner of woman this is that toucheth him for she has missed the mark."

His enemies called Christ "the friend of publicans and of men who had missed the mark." He accepted the title gladly—he wanted to be just that. He said of himself, "I come not to call the righteous," who think they are good enough already, "but men who have missed the mark to repentance,"—that is, to try again and see if they cannot make better shots.

IX—The Line of Approach

Sin is missing the mark. The sinner is a man who goes along shooting anywhere and everywhere except in the right place. You can miss the mark by firing off in any one of a hundred different directions and the moral fools of earth are finding them all. The man who lives along in easy, careless fashion according to the conventions and customs where he finds himself, will not hit the centre of the target. When he is in Rome he does as the Romans do. When he is in New York he does as Broadway does, even though that may mean a mode of life less clean and wholesome than the one he follows in his own home town. He rises or falls with easy unconcern to the moral level of those with whom he happens to be thrown. It is the easiest thing in the world to miss the mark, for the ways of wrongdoing are like the sands of the sea for multitude.

But if you mean to hit the mark, there must be aim, purpose, direction. "Wide is the gate and broad is the way that leads to destruction" and many go in thereat. "But strait is the gate and narrow is the way that leads to life." If you are to land your arrows in the target, you must put forth your moral efforts with precision. The laws of life eternal are as definite and unyielding as a table of logarithms. You must be able to say what Jesus said, "I come not to do mine own will but the will of Him that sent me."

This second man, conscious of his own blunders

and failures, as every man must be when he is honest with himself, was man enough to face the facts without flinching. He made no effort to evade his responsibility. He offered no excuses. He knelt there in the temple saying, "God be merciful to me a sinner." And this man who made the right approach "went down to his house justified."

In the third place, the Master took the varying attitudes of these two men and framed them up into a general principle. "He that exalteth himself shall be abased." He is abased already by the quality of life which that attitude of pride develops. His self-complacency blocks the way for any rise. You despair of the man who thinks he knows so much that you cannot tell him anything. You turn away from the man who will scarcely allow you to finish a sentence in his presence. He is forever interrupting you and taking the words out of your mouth because he thinks he can say it so much better. You have your grave doubts about the man in whom you never detect the mood of penitence, of yearning, of aspiration. You feel sure that either he is deceived about himself or else he is not sincere. He that exalteth himself steadily is by that very fact abased in the eyes of his fellows and in the quality of life which that habit induces.

On the other hand, "he that humbleth himself

shall be exalted." His very attitude of mind and heart is in itself an exaltation. "Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness"—the people who want to be better than they are now—"for they shall be filled." Appetite is a sign of health and it makes for growth. The blessings in the Sermon on the Mount are offered not to achievement but to desire and disposition. Blessed are the poor in spirit, the hungry, the aspiring and all those who ask and seek and knock. They are on the right line; they have the right and the power to take the water of life freely. He that humbleth himself is already exalted.

When Oscar Wilde was in Reading jail for his own wretched wrongdoing, he wrote that strangely human document *De Profundis,* Out of the Depths. In that book he used this sentence which I have never forgotten from the first hour when I read it. "The highest moment in a man's career may be the hour when he kneels in the dust and beats upon his breast and tells all the sins of his life." God, be merciful to me a sinner—he that humbleth himself shall be exalted!

We are told that "David was a man after God's own heart." The statement has troubled many thoughtful readers of the Bible. David was anything but a saint. He fell on one occasion into the grossest wrongdoing. But for all that he was a man after God's own heart because he hungered after righteousness. His soul was athirst for the

living God. When he failed, he owned up with no sort of evasion or excuses, and then began to strive to do better.

"Have mercy upon me, O God! Against thee have I sinned and done this evil in thy sight. Wash me from mine iniquity. Create in me a clean heart. Renew within me a right spirit." When he fell down he got up again, faced toward the Lord, not away from him. When he did wrong he turned around, faced toward righteousness and not toward further wrongdoing. That sort of man is a man after God's own heart. "The wise make of their failures ladders whereby they climb toward heaven. The foolish make of their failures graves wherein they bury all their highest hopes."

I wonder what the moral history of the world would have been had Adam and Eve taken that line there in the Garden of Eden. When the man was rebuked for disobeying, he laid the blame upon his wife. "The woman whom thou gavest to be with me gave me of the forbidden fruit and I did eat." Then the woman turned around and laid the blame on the serpent—"The serpent tempted me and I did eat."

It is a picture rather than sober history, but it is a picture of moral reality. The two actors in the scene were making a bad start. When they were brought face to face with their disobedience, they tried to cover it up with cowardly excuses. If they had done as David did, if they had done

as did this publican, if they had come to the Lord with honest confessions on their lips and an appeal for forgiveness, the human race might have been in the Garden of Eden now.

How many of you take yourselves seriously? You are entrusted, each one of you, with a life for which you alone are ultimately responsible. What do you mean to do with it? Are you giving that life a chance for the best there is or are you putting it off with some poor second or third rate substitute for the best? Is that life to have its chance for self-realization on the highest levels open to us in the religion of Christ, or are you allowing it to rub along as best it may here on the ground?

How splendid it is that we are not left to find our way up to goodness and to God unaided! When that young man came back from the far country where he had been doing wrong, he came, you remember, not with excuses on his lips. He came with a frank, open confession—"Father, I have sinned before Heaven and in thy sight and am no more worthy to be called thy son." But "the father saw him while he was yet a great way off." He saw him because he had been looking for him daily, hourly, praying that he might return. And he ran and fell on his boy's neck and kissed him.

The robe and the ring, the feast and the father's house were all outward and visible symbols of

that inward and spiritual help which God gives to every man who wants to be better than he is now. He sees the man who is just facing toward the light. He sees the one who is just starting home. He sees us all when we are making our first awkward attempts at Christian life. And when He sees us He hurries out to aid us and to bring us home.

X

"What Doest Thou Here?"

FOUR short words—"What doest thou here?" yet how much they suggest! The man to whom they were addressed was not doing anything. He was lying down. He was on the flat of his back under a juniper tree, whining because life was hard.

He was a man of ability. He had shown capacity for leadership. He had been trusted by his fellows and honored by his Maker. Yet here in the presence of difficulty he had flattened out. His will had gone lame and his lamp of hope had gone out. All he had to offer the world was a curl of the lip, a sneer, and a sob.

"O Lord," he said, "take away my life, for I am no better than my fathers. The people have forsaken Thy covenant, they have thrown down Thine altars, they have slain Thy prophets with the edge of the sword." They are a bad lot altogether, selfish, godless, worthless. "I, even I only, am left and they seek my life to take it away." I am the only first-class man going and my health is poor. "It is enough—Lord, let me die!"

What a heartbroken wail to come from the lips

of a man who in the days of his strength had denounced a wicked king to his face for an act of social injustice! What a sob to emanate from one who, single-handed and alone, there on Mount Carmel, had hurled defiance at all the enemies of sound morality and pure religion!

What had happened to him? He had allowed himself to slip into a certain mood which is always fatal to achievement. The three leading notes in that mood are these:

First, he had become cynical. The word cynic comes from the Greek word which means "dog," and the snarling, captious spirit of the cur is characteristic of both animals. This man who was lying down insisted that the people were all bad—they were cowardly, self-seeking, insincere. Human nature had fallen so low in his esteem that none need count himself so poor as to do it reverence. The people had forsaken their principles, they had thrown away their aspirations, they were incapable of anything high or fine. "What is the use?" he said. The cynic is an infant crying in the night and with no language but a cry.

Now that cynical spirit, in the old or in the young, is as deadly as cancer. Let every man who expects to do anything or to be anything shun it as he would the plague! Here in the first verse of the first Psalm, some ancient Hebrew singer indicated for all time the weakness of the man

who goes about with a sneer. "Blessed is the man that sitteth not in the seat of the scornful!" It is a seat which is always at hand; it is the easiest thing in life to vault into it. But the men who sit there habitually rarely do anything else—they just sit and sneer. They are not the men who are putting the world ahead in any of its essential interests. When you make up the roll of those who have wrought righteousness and subdued kingdoms, turned back the armies of evil and made the world better, you will not find a man among them who came to his place of honor from the seat of the scornful. The cynical spirit is fatal to the highest type of achievement.

In the second place, this man was depressed. He had fought one big, brave battle for righteousness and won it. He had put aside all thought of ease or personal advantage, standing out clear-cut for the highest there was. He had come off with flying colors and when the people saw it, they sent up a shout which echoed clear across the Plain of Esdraelon. "Jehovah is God," they cried, "Jehovah is God and Elijah is his prophet." In the joy of that hour this man supposed that, having driven the devil back to the last ditch there on the slopes of Mount Carmel, that would settle it. Evil would take itself off and the cause of righteousness and peace would move straight ahead like an army with banners.

But that is not the devil's way. In that war with evil, personal and social, industrial and political, there is no discharge. The fight against low aims and mean methods, the fight against greed and graft, against cruelty and lawlessness, goes right on, three hundred and sixty-five days in the year, month in and month out, year after year. The ground gained in some splendid moral advance has to be held against counter attack and used as vantage ground for a further advance into the enemy's territory. The fight for honesty, decency, sobriety must be kept up until all the kingdoms of this world, business and politics, education and recreation, have become kingdoms of our Lord and have been brought into obedience to the spirit that was in Christ. This man who had won a skirmish forgot that; and because the powers of evil came back at him next day reinforced and more desperate because of the temporary check they had received, he was depressed. "O Lord," he said, "what is the use? Take away my life!"

In the third place, he had allowed his faith in God to be dimmed. He had not exactly become an atheist overnight—men do not. If a whole congregation of people had been standing up to repeat the Apostles' Creed, "I believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth," he would have joined in with the rest. But the

declaration would have come only from his lips. His faith was no longer a vital, working, militant faith. He was not in the mood to bet his life on his convictions.

He was in the trough of a physical reaction after the strenuous days he had just passed and because he was tired he felt as if God had quit. A single speck of dust at the point of contact will cut off some delicate mechanism from its source of energy. It will turn out the light and shut off the power, causing the place to become dark and silent. In like manner a single dishonest purpose or evil habit will cut a man off from Him in whom we live and move and are. We lose contact with the source of power and we cease to function on those higher levels which make life human.

Yonder on the slopes of Mount Carmel, when this man was on his feet, alert and alive, resolutely fighting the battles of conscience, God, the Ground and Source of all finite existence, God, the Power not ourselves that makes for righteousness, God, the Author and Finisher of these incomplete lives of ours, had been the most intensely real fact in his whole experience. But now, when he was lying down in a cynical mood, with words of scorn on his lips, his faith flickered and then went out like a wet candle in the dark. He had lost his faith in God and that will hamstring the inner life of any man.

You do not wonder that in such a mood this

man of strength, of vision, and of high privilege was sharply called to account. His own heart, which had seen better days, was saying to him, "What doest thou here?" The needs of men in that social, industrial, and political order where he stood, cried out to him, "What doest thou here?" And out of a world unseen there came a still, small voice saying, "What doest thou here?" It was the sense of duty which spoke. It is always with us. If you ascend up into heaven, it is there. If you make your bed in hell, behold it is there. If you take the wings of the morning and dwell in the uttermost parts of the earth, even there the right hand of duty will hold you in its grip. No man has any right to lie down and become cynical, depressed, unbelieving—if he does, he denies his right to be a man.

What does the Lord do for people who find themselves in that state of mind? What did he do for this man? First of all, he put him in good physical condition. The man had fought a good fight against the leaders of immorality and superstition and he had kept the faith. The nervous strain of it had taken it out of him in huge chunks. Then he had been frightened by the wrath of a wicked queen who threatened to kill him before he was a day older because of what he had done to the false priests of an alien faith. He arose and fled for his life forty days into the wilderness and

when he reached that place of safety, there among the rocks, he was "all in," as we say. Then the divine voice said to him in kindly fashion, "The journey has been too great for thee. Lie down and sleep." When he awoke he saw a cake baking on the coals and a cruse of water at his head. The voice said, "Arise and eat." When he had eaten, he lay down again and slept.

"First that which is natural, afterward that which is spiritual." The time comes when a loaf of bread will do a man more good than a tract. When our strength is depleted and our veins are scant of life, food and sleep are "indicated," as the physicians say, even more than liturgies and sermons. Let the liturgies and sermons come later.

"He knoweth our frame; he remembereth that we are dust." He feels a ready sympathy for tired muscles and overwrought nerves. The divine voice said, "The journey has been too great for thee—lie down again." When a man has eaten a square meal and has slept on it, how differently many a hard situation looks the next morning! At the basis of all our intellectual development and moral aspiration, there had best be a clean, sound, reliable physique.

In the second place, the Lord reminded him that there were thousands of good people in the world. This man had been saying that all the people had gone over bag and baggage to the

enemy. They had forsaken their faith in God and had thrown down their principles and there was nothing high nor fine about them. Then the Lord said to him, "I have left unto me seven thousand here who have not bowed the knee to Baal." And there were seven thousand more further on and another seven thousand just across the ridge in the Plain of Esdraelon. A great army of honest people, doing their duty and bearing the burden of many a hard day, keeping their eyes to the front and the corners of their mouths turned up, as they "carried on" in their work for righteousness!

There are a lot of good people in the world! The longer I live the more faith I have in human nature. I know there is weakness and meanness in multitudes of men, but there is also something magnificent about this common humanity in its capacity for response to moral appeal, in its readiness to make sacrifice where the end justifies the outlay, in its steady endurance in many a hard situation where there is nothing for it but to grin and bear it!

The words of Robert Louis Stevenson find a ready response in every heart. "In the slums of cities, moving among indifferent millions, with scarce a pleasure in the present, without hope of change in the future, and yet true to his virtues, honest up to his lights, kind to his neighbors, often repaying the world's scorn with service,

often standing firm upon a scruple, everywhere some virtue cherished or affected, everywhere some decency of thought and courage, everywhere the ensign of man's ineffectual goodness—oh, if I could show you this!"

"What is man that God is mindful of him?" God has made him a little lower than the angels! He has crowned him with glory and honor! He has made him potentially in his own likeness and image! The man who flings out in flippant, cynical fashion against his fellows is behaving like a spoiled child. In that hour of depression the Lord showed this man his moral reserves, whole regiments of good people in waiting who had not bowed the knee to Baal.

In the third place, the Lord gave him something definite and inspiring to do. What doest thou here? He was not doing anything. He was lying down under a juniper tree whining and wishing that he might die. No wonder he was blue! The problems of life are not solved by men who are lying down. Schopenhauer, Nietzsche, Bernard Shaw, sitting comfortably apart from the hard tasks and active service of human society, become pessimists of the thirty-third and last degree. General Booth, of the Salvation Army, Jacob Riis, and Jane Addams, dwelling in the thick of it, in the east end of London, on the lower east side of New York, and on Halsted Street, Chicago, laboring steadily for the

relief of the struggling, have hearts filled with faith and hope and love. The problems of life are being solved by men and women who eat and sleep, who look up at the stars and down at the flowers, who trust God and trust their fellows, and then march breast forward in some useful employ.

"What doest thou here?" the Lord said to Elijah. "Go to Damascus! Anoint Hazael to be king over Syria! Anoint Jehu to be king over Israel!" Take an active part in the political life of your country by helping to secure good rulers! The fate of any nation depends upon the ability of society to select and place in power those best men, best in judgment, best in personal character, best in civic efficiency, whose right it is to rule. "Anoint Elisha to be prophet in thy stead." Take an active part in the religious life of your country by helping to train young men for spiritual leadership! The fate of the kingdom of God depends upon the presence of men competent to take the right of the line in moral effort. This demand for action became a challenge to the man who was lying down in a cynical, depressed, unbelieving mood—he stopped his whining, got up and went to work. And that made a new man of him.

Let me address these same words to you! You are here at Yale. We heard that you were coming and we have made our preparations accordingly. The vast accumulations of two hundred and

twenty-two years of honorable academic history are here at your disposal.

Here are grounds and buildings of great value to which you have not contributed a dollar! Here are huge libraries of books and splendid laboratories created by the hands and the brains of men who have given of their very best! Here is a body of men, some three or four hundred of them, chosen with care and conscience to teach the various subjects to which they have given the best years and the best efforts of their lives! And it is all yours! The generous action of the men and women whose energy and gifts and brains have made all this possible would never have been taken but for the fact that you were coming here to use it.

Now that you are here, what do you propose to do about it? What have you come here for? If you should say that you had come merely to spend four years pleasantly, those four delightful years which lie between boyhood and manhood, and gain a certain social distinction which comes from being a Yale man, a Harvard man, or a Princeton man; if you should say that you had come merely to read some more books and thus broaden your own culture and feel yourself that much more of a gentleman; if you should say that you had come merely to gain a certain added measure of information and an increased amount of technical skill enabling you to go out presently and market your

abilities at a higher figure—if you have come in any one of those moods, then you had better go home. You had better go now. We have neither the time nor the disposition to waste all this on any such moods as those which I have just named.

Strive as you will, you cannot get your hands or your minds or your hearts open to receive what Yale has to give if you live in a cynical, sneering spirit. You cannot take what Yale offers if you move about in a depressed, discouraged attitude toward the huge, intricate problems which challenge the best minds and the best strength of the generation to which you belong. You cannot even see what Yale has to give, if you proceed in the attitude of unbelief. The man who does not believe anything rarely accomplishes much of anything. The cynical, depressed, and unbelieving man has shut the door in the face of the best that life holds and no man on the outside can open it—he will have to open it himself from the inside or he is doomed.

But, if you have come with faith in your fellows and faith in God, with a high resolve to make your own life count for righteousness and to achieve something worthy to be added to the splendid history of Yale; if you have come with the feeling that education means the gaining of a more just and intelligent appreciation of the deeper meaning of life, that it means being introduced into finer forms of fellowship seen and unseen, that

it means having one's life made more heavily and capably responsible for the well-being of the society where he stands, then the best of all this is yours. Yours to enjoy, yours to possess, yours to carry away with you into lives of honor and of usefulness!

In the name of Christ, I call upon you here and now as Yale men to set your minds and hearts upon that which is high and fine and true, and then by that firm set of your own inner life to use these years of privilege for the gaining of the best that life holds. And may the God of heaven aid you in that quest!

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